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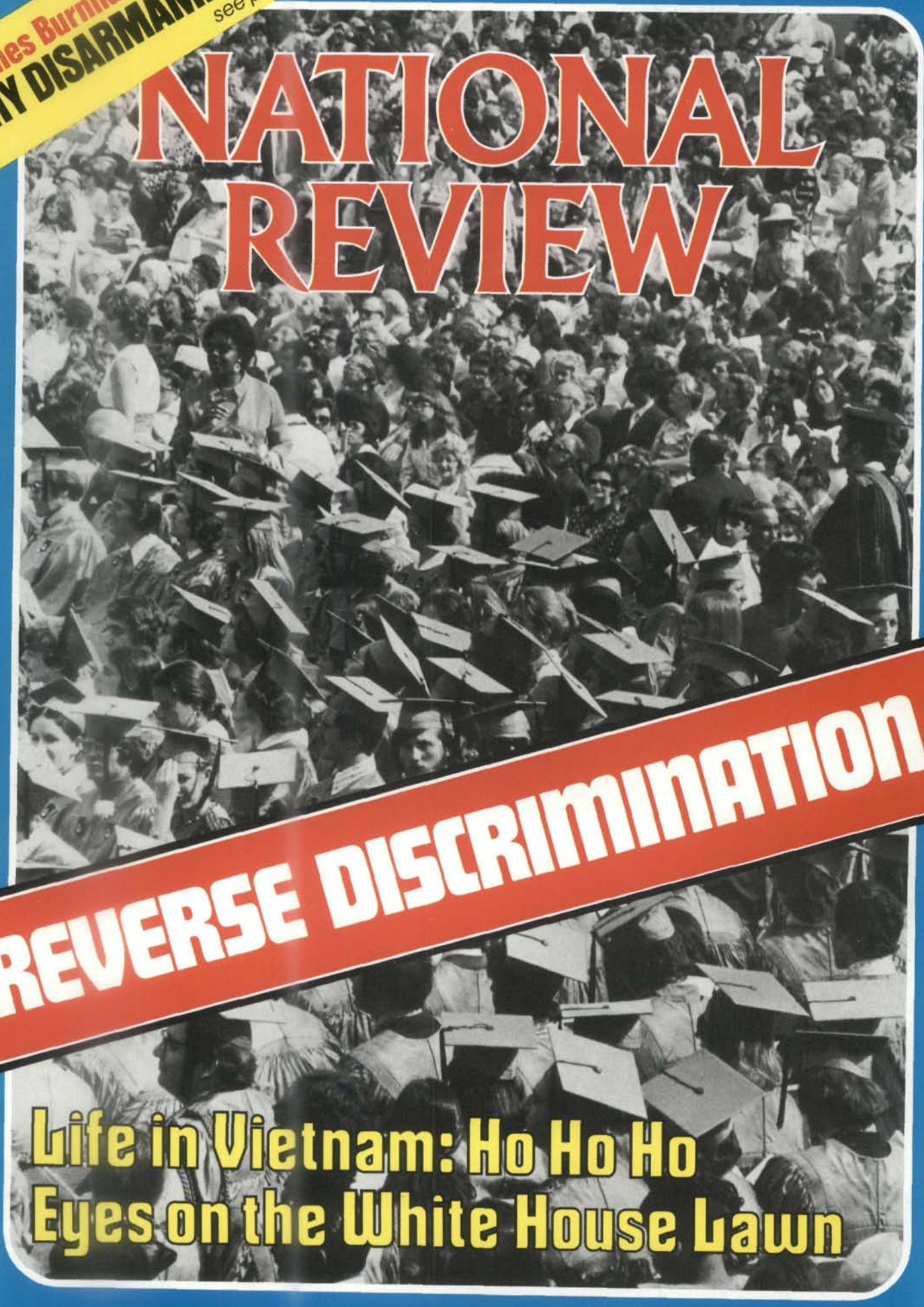
James Burnham asks:
WHY DISARMAMENT?
see page 486

APRIL 29, 1977

NATIONAL REVIEW



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Life in Vietnam: Ho Ho Ho
Eyes on the White House Lawn

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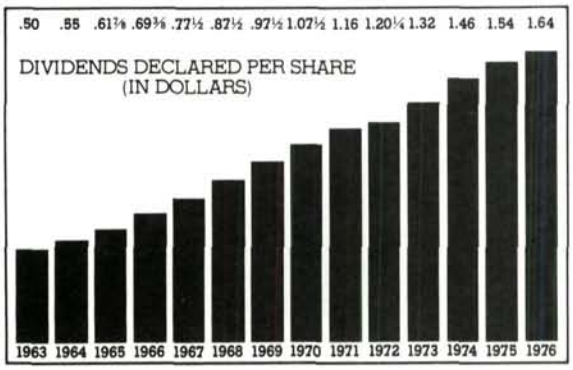

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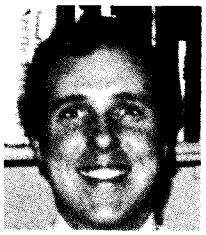

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We're not sure whether to believe Mr. Califano's original endorsement of affirmative action or his April Fool's Day retraction, but he could clear up some of the evident confusion in his own mind by practicing a little intellectual discrimination, assuming there are no HEW guidelines proscribing it. Actually, it would be too sweeping to say that categorical discrimination in hiring and college admissions is never justified; but before it can be justly imposed, we must consult both institutional purposes and historical circumstance more carefully than partisans of racial and sexual privilege seem disposed to do. *Ernest van den Haag*

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Letters

Resist!

What a lovely present in your income-tax-day issue—a list of all the people to send poison-pen letters to, if we can still afford a stamp after writing the IRS its check ["President Carter and the Honeymooners," by John Drake and Svend Petersen, April 15]. And then the thought of adding $3,000 a year to the taxes we already pay—it simply baffles me how a feisty people like the Americans can accept these impositions so meekly. Mainly I suppose because it's so hard to figure out how to resist in a way that would do some good instead of just getting you hauled into tax court.

And this is where Senator Laxalt's article in the same issue ["On Limiting the Size of Government"] comes in, by offering a concrete, credible proposal for actually limiting the amount government can spend in any year. Furthermore, I think Senator Laxalt may even have been too modest in calculating the effects of his proposal (*assuming* he could get his colleagues to pass it in the first place). Drake and Petersen point out that "if the spenders got their way over this legislation, still more legislation not yet even proposed would be added to this burden over the years"; the indisputable psychological principle here is that people get used to what they're used to. Now I don't know about legislators, but for other people that doesn't work only to the bad. Isn't it possible that if Congress got used to tightening its belt, it might start looking at *every* spending bill more carefully, so that in fact the savings would be greater than Laxalt's figures show?

White Plains, N.Y. NICHOLAS INDRIKOV

Coming to the Aid of the Party

After reading the Luce–Hart–van den Haag speculations on the terminality of the GOP's current ailment ["Is the Republican Party Dead?" March 18], I find myself in agreement with all three. Now I consider myself to be of rational bent; therefore I must conclude that they were not in disagreement to begin with.

Of course what really happened is that I agree with some points from each argument. Unfortunately, I'm afraid the scales have tipped in Mrs. Luce's direction: our government will probably continue to deny the veracity of the economic analogue of Boyle's law, promising more than it (i.e., we) can pay for, probably until the point is reached at which perpetuation of the addiction becomes more painful than the cure, and then, who knows—Germany 1933? The pity of it all is that it needn't have happened. I'm convinced that, had Reagan been nominated instead of Ford, Carter would have lost. There are plenty of worthy GOP politicians around but very few with the talents that Reagan has in abundance, viz., clarity, articulateness, and, most importantly, cogency. Now all we have to do is convince the delegates of that.

Barneveld, N.Y. BRUCE MAE

I enjoyed the three essays in answer to "Is the Republican Party Dead?" though I was a little insulted by Mrs. Luce (I am a have-not who wants to be a have-more, but I don't intend to stick the government for it). I agree totally with Jeffrey Hart that the party definitely needs to broaden its appeal—there is an aroma of untouchable aristocracy around the Republicans, only slightly mitigated by the fresh air of Jerry Ford's middle class Administration. However, rather than stoop to pushing the unfashionable ethnics from behind by giving them visions of a victory over other "fashionable" ethnics, the party ought to appeal to the entire country's need for stability. America needs to be brought together under the Constitution, and under what could be called American common sense. There has been a definite lack of that on both sides for some time now.

Fayetteville, Ark. JOHN G. ROBILLARD

If Not Firestone . . .

Miss Marjorie Brye, who describes herself as "a long-time employee of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Co.," writes that I was incorrect in including Firestone among U.S. companies that have supplied products and knowhow to Communist nations ["The Detente Party," March 18]. Miss Brye states that after the YAF campaign protesting Firestone's proposed deal with Rumania, the company withdrew, and she implies that it has not subsequently done business with Communist nations. If so, I am glad to hear it, and to apologize to Firestone (from whom I have not heard ex officio*). The general point I was making about American business is, of course, not altered by an error in my list of specific U.S. companies. If not Firestone, there are plenty of others.* —JB

Mao's Experiment

. . . and as the sun faded slowly in the west throwing into silhouette the bobbing heads of the almost free, friendly, and exuberant peasants, we cast a long farewell look upon the great poster of the benevolent if murderous Mao waving in the evening breeze and once more heaved a sigh of regret at the passing of this pure, hauntingly appealing quixotic idealist who strove so mightily to move heaven and earth to smite evil and build perfection . . .

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The more we can put all this power to work, the easier it will be to keep us running and warm.

It'll be awhile before a lot of Americans thaw out and forget the Winter of '77.

One thing it made clear was that our country has a real energy problem. Natural gas, the fuel that heats more than half of America's homes, is in short supply, and meeting demand is difficult.

And, we've got problems with our domestic oil supply. We now have to import over 40% of our oil needs. In three years, this figure is expected to reach 50%.

What's going to ease the situation? A combination of things.

We've got to find and develop more domestic oil and gas. That's top priority. But, we've also got to get busy expanding and developing other sources of energy.

America has more coal than any other country in the free world. It's a logical candidate to help ease the burden carried by oil and gas. Nuclear energy can be a big help, too. And solar power can make a contribution.

And while we're developing all of these, we can't overlook another source of energy that's readily available to us—our conservation efforts. The National Petroleum Council has estimated that American families could save 14% of the energy used in their homes. Over the course of a year, that would save as much oil as our country imports in one month.

And that's a lot of energy for a strong America.

Energy for a strong America

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If I may paraphrase C. S. Lewis (speaking, of course, in an entirely different context), I would say, regarding Mr. Francis B. Randall ["Maoism Is Dead," March 4], that I do not suppose he intended any harm. At the same time I have nothing good to say of him. For to speak in such terms, to describe one of the most evil butchers in all of history as merely a misguided idealist (his "struggles toward the light" were not heinously conceived, they merely "misfired"), to write of the supposed end of his hideous experiment as "an infinite tragedy and an infinite pity," is as genuine an act of fetid madness as I have ever had the misfortune to meet. For those who don't mind sobriety and truth, I recommend they purge themselves of the experience of having encountered this article by reading "Seeing China Plain" by Edward N. Luttwak in the December 1976 issue of *Commentary*.

Salt Lake City, Utah NEIL G. BARCLAY

In the excellent report "Maoism Is Dead," I find the following sentences: ". . . it is just those stern virtues [hard work, modesty of dress and behavior, sexual restraint] . . . that constitute the attractiveness of Communist countries. Can such attractiveness exist in a free country? The question is too terrible to ask."

In the early Thirties, I, as a foreigner, frequently visited New York. In Harlem, there were a few excellent nightclubs, a tempting attraction. In the early hours, on my way home, either alone or in the company of a female friend, I preferred long walks along the almost empty streets of Manhattan.

I also remember sitting after midnight on a bench in Prospect Park conversing with friendly strangers.

I wonder whether in those days the U.S. was a free country?

BORYS KORCYN-ZUKOWSKI
Forest Hills, N.Y.

"Maoism Is Dead." "Is the Republican Party Dead?" These were cover stories in successive issues. Have you a thing on *death*?

Rochester, N.Y. THOMAS V. FINAN

Gladly Wolde He Lerne

Richard Bayan, the sometime liberal artist daunted by his assignment to do a book on plumbing ["The Liberal Artist at Work," Feb. 4], should weigh as an alternative the lot of the government personnel types that I have fallen among. From where I sit (if you will), "floor flange" and "soil stack" have a fine, earthy power, not to say poetry. Let Mr. Bayan go up and down in his office intoning "time-frame" and "interface" and "FII_3400" for a spell. Let him undertake to fix the salary range of a "Chief, Bureau of Pullman Shunting" (mass transportation is "first priority" just now—"real hot"), and reason whether the

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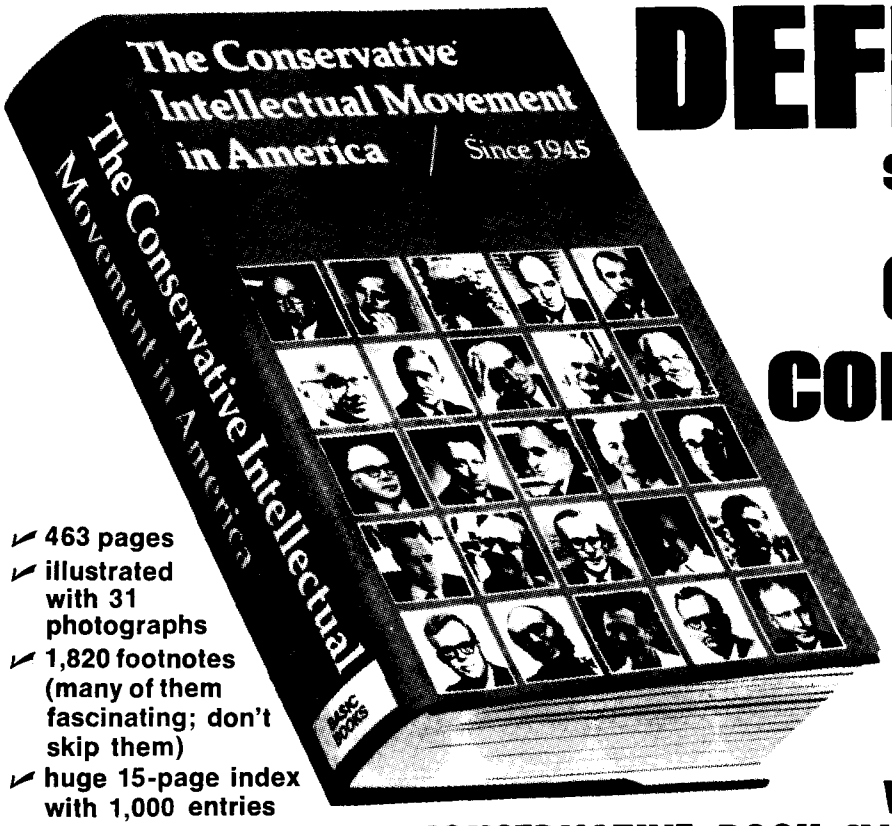
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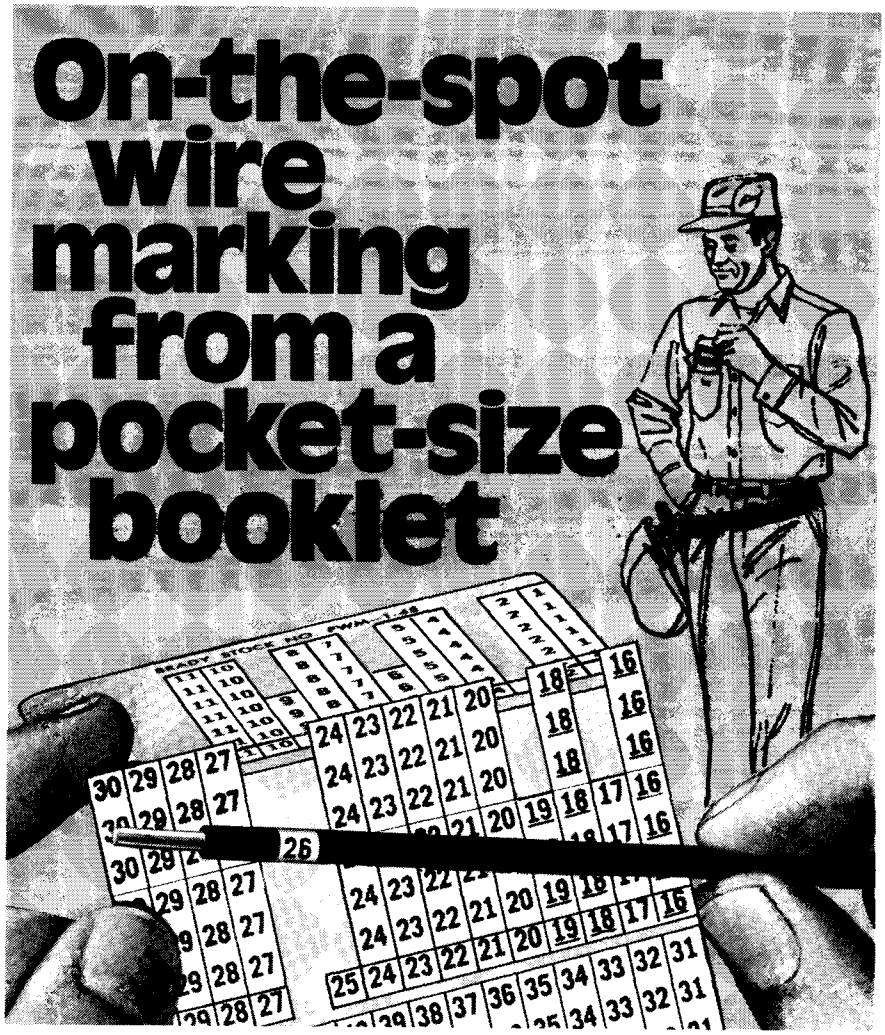

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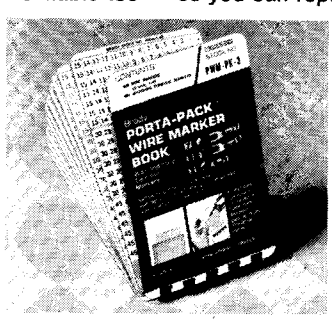

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projected tasks call for "considerable knowledge," "wide knowledge," "broad knowledge," "thorough knowledge," or, as one percipient manager recently proposed, "knowledge." (Oddly enough it's easier to locate a warm body with thorough knowledge of anything—"we-think"?—than one with only knowledge of anything, the latter being, as we are taught to say, without "parameters.")

It should be noted that none of this will get you anything so useful (and honorable) as the installation of a toilet. It won't even get anyone conveyed from A to B expeditiously. It is rather hard to say just what the result will be, unless it is the reification of a caffeinated afflatus—swiftly legitimized by the installation of an employee.

I urge Mr. Bayan hereafter to enumerate his positive factors; and to work to free us all from unself-realizational remuneration situations.

Pennington, N.J. JOHN R. SYMONS

I found Richard Bayan's article fascinatingly, symptomatically offensive. The especially annoying thing is that he makes a couple of good points—that the Zeitgeist, by making the BA a ticket to a good job, eventually made it a ticket to no job; and that in places where you would hope to find intellectual honesty, e.g., publishing houses, you are likely to find instead what Mr. Bayan labels "we-think"—and then, having done so, he proceeds to vitiate them with his stultifying self-pity and, even worse, by making the very same mistake he rightly attacks the Zeitgeist for making.

For Mr. Bayan thinks he deserves to be handsomely supported, not for doing anything that anyone wants done, but merely for *being* a "liberal artist"! Heaven knows, far greater artists than Mr. Bayan have voiced something of the same desire. But the wise men among them knew that up to a point at least, learning like virtue is its own reward. If someone *will* pay you for what you enjoy doing anyway, so much the better; but if not, no one is stopping you from reading and writing during the eight waking hours a day you are not on the job. It is an insult to Western civilization, and to Mr. Bayan's fellow "liberal artists," to imply that if they don't get paid for reading Shakespeare they won't read him.

Cambridge, Mass. BOB TILLIARD

Least of the Dangers?

Since NATIONAL REVIEW has the best writing in the country, I was particularly uncomfortable reading "The Courts as Sociologists" by Peter J. Rusthoven [Dec. 10].

The tragic point Mr. Rusthoven overlooks is that it has become necessary to hand over decisions on faith and morals to a court of law, to let the court decide when a human is a human, when obscene language is obscene. This can no longer be

(Continues on page 511)

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Presidential ups and downs. A *U.S. News* survey finds **Jimmy Carter** regarded as the "most influential American," the **White House** as the nation's "most effective" institution. Same survey lists only two non-government people among the top ten, **George Meany** of the AFL-CIO and **Walter Cronkite**. *Washington Post* publisher **Katharine Graham** is the only woman to place among top twenty influentials, but she outranks her counterpart, **Arthur O. Sulzberger**, publisher of the *New York Times*, who makes it only into the third ten. . . . While both **Gallup** and **Harris** show a slight slippage in Carter popularity following the breakdown of arms talks in Moscow, columnist **George Will** comments that Jimmy Carter's steadiness in the face of the Soviet rejection is evidence that the U.S. Government's "detente drunk" has ended. . . . Jimmy Carter's various electoral reforms, most particularly his call for instant registration, are running into heavy flak on Capitol Hill. Democratic Sen. **James Allen**—one of the most effective legislators on the Hill—opposes it and charges that the big city machines (all of them Democratic) would "clean out every skid-row hotel, every pool room, every beer joint and herd these people to the polls and vote them like sheep." . . . In the House, the fight against instant registration is being coordinated by conservative Rep. **Bob Bauman** of Maryland. Nonetheless, the pols think quickie registration will make it. . . . There's great doubt, however, that Carter will succeed in getting the **Electoral College** abolished. A bill to do so has popped up in Congress every four years, which is to say every year following a presidential election, since 1826. . . . That same poll that found the White House the most effective institution in America placed the **Democratic Party** 14th, and the **Republican Party** 29th, and last. . . . It is to keep the GOP from fading away entirely, says columnist **Kevin Phillips**, that Republican National Chairman **Bill Brock** plans to spend $1.7 million this year and next to develop attractive candidates for the state legislatures. His concern: with a new census in 1980, if the GOP doesn't win back some of the state legislatures it may be redistricted to death.

Langdon, *Punch* Rothco

"Perceived-noise-decibel-wise, the anti-Concorde lobby seems to have the edge."

■ In the early April elections, Mayor **Thomas Bradley** of Los Angeles, a black man and a moderate on busing and other racial questions, won re-election easily. There's talk that Democratic leaders in California plan to groom him to run against Republican Sen. **S. I. Hayakawa** in '82. . . . **Paul Soglin**, the so-called "radical mayor" of Madison, Wisconsin, won his runoff against conservative challenger **Anthony Amato**. Amato had run ahead of Soglin in the February primary when many Wisconsin students didn't turn out; they turned out in droves for the runoff. . . . In Atlanta **Wyche Fowler**, a white man and the president of the Atlanta City Council, beat out black activist **John Lewis** to win **Andrew Young**'s 5th District congressional seat.

■ Call it chutzpah, African style. The **Foreign Ministry** of **Angola**, the country whence the invasion of **Zaire** was launched, has formally condemned "interference by any foreign state in the internal affairs of Zaire." . . . The **Shaba** invasion scenario according to Communist *Daily World* is that it is a provocation by Western powers to screen the arrival of Western forces (**French, Belgian, Moroccan, American**) that will shortly launch an invasion of Angola, in concert with South African forces from South-West Africa. . . . Meanwhile, the Angolan government of **Agostinho Neto**, with its Cuban point men, apparently has launched an all-out attack on rebel UNITA strongholds in southern Angola. London *Times* reports more than a thousand civilians have died in the Cuban-led attacks, thousands more have spilled over into South-West Africa in terror. . . . The head of the Katangan gendarmerie, now known as the Congolese National Liberation Front, is Gen. **Nathaniel M'Bumba**, an Angolan-backed revolutionary.

■ The Indiana state legislature has just passed a bill to legalize the use of saccharin in that state. Said sponsor, Republican Sen. **Joan Cubbins**: "I am very happy to thumb my nose at the feds any time."

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THE WEEK

■ Terrorist Threat of the Week, as conveyed by the *New York Times*: "Andrew Young says in Michigan that he will continue to speak out."

■ The most recent phase of President Carter's program to extend amnesty to men who incurred service-related legal difficulties during the Vietnam era was made public last week by the Pentagon. The new plan offers the upgrading of less-than-honorable discharges to deserters and other "victims" of what editorialists nowadays refer to as an "illegal" war, so long as they make application within six months to their military review boards. Amusingly enough, the old pro-amnesty argument—resting upon the notion that it is meet that criminal penalties be removed from those war resisters who acted out of concern for a higher principle—has been shelved; the theorists behind the latest scheme insist that most of those with less-than-honorable discharges are worthy of lenity precisely because their wrongdoing was *not* ideologically motivated but proceeded from the fact that they were ignorant, unsuited to military discipline, and plagued by personal problems. Before the appeal to the Higher Morality goes completely out of fashion, perhaps the President will take it upon himself to extend amnesty to the FBI investigators whom the Justice Department is indicting for the illegal entries, searches, and phone-tappings they carried out against antiwar terrorists in the heyday of the Movement, when men of good will were justifiably concerned for yet another Good—the security of their country. In this context, President Carter's commutation to eight years of the sentence of G. Gordon Liddy, the last of the Watergate burglars to languish in the pen, is an encouraging sign.

■ The negative decision of the Carter Administration regarding the fast-breeder nuclear generator was probably correct. By reprocessing used nuclear fuel, the fast-breeder stretches our uranium supplies. It also, however, produces large amounts of plutonium. This is a deadly poison, can be used in an atomic bomb, and poses as yet unsolved storage problems. Life in a plutonium environment would be dangerous, and—given the security requirements—probably a lot less free. The decision against the fast-breeder, however, needs to be complemented by two other initiatives. Almost certainly, the solution to our energy problem lies in the development of fusion power. A fusion reactor, resembling the sun itself in its hydrogen reaction, would have an unlimited source of fuel in the deuterium and tritium present in seawater. The hitch at present is that we do not know how to control a fusion reaction. The Federal Government now spends only about $300 million a year on fusion research. A much greater effort would seem to be called for. In addition, even though setting aside the fast-breeder, we should push ahead with the traditional uranium fission reactors. They are safe, and the U.S. possesses about half of the world's uranium.

■ The House of Representatives last week passed an amendment requiring American representatives of international lending agencies to vote against loans to those nations that have abused human rights. Their action was thus the reverse of the Carter Administration's "positive reinforcement" approach—i.e., rewarding with more aid those countries that observed human rights. But the House amendment, though naïve in its inflexibility, reflects the desire of the American people to support human rights wholeheartedly. In fact, so unwilling were the House politicians to let their constituencies view them as deficient in support for human rights that a voice vote was all that was necessary to adopt the amendment.

■ Representative Philip Crane and 18 co-sponsors have introduced a bill that will give secondary, vocational, or high school students a freedom denied many of their elders. The bill is the Students Freedom of Choice Act (HR–3486) and it exempts the students from compulsory union membership. But in order for the bill to become law it has first to be reported out of the House Committee on Education and Labor, which is dominated by statesmen of the Meany mold. The Committee has had the bill since mid-February and has shown no signs of letting go. The National Right to Work Committee, fresh from its victory over common situs, has begun a campaign to prod the Committee into action.

■ President Carter's proposed Agency for Consumer Advocacy is emphatically not, he says, a new regulatory agency: "Its purpose is to improve the way rules, regulations, and decisions are made and carried out, rather than issuing new rules itself." It would, among other things, help consumer groups represent themselves before regulatory units, and it would put pressure on the

As the Chinese See Us

Nothing symbolizes fright
Like a supplicant in flight
Making one of many trips
To the country with the chips.
Vance, still punchy from the *nyets*
Landed by the Soviets,
Simply verified their view
That we're down to Number Two.

W. H. von Dreele

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government to pay the legal costs of plaintiffs who won cases against it. Since everyone agrees that the regulatory agencies need to have something done to them, this proposal is superficially not unattractive. But even as we may end up with a National Health Service costing half a trillion dollars a year out of the sensible desire to revamp Medicare and Medicaid, so this new agency could, not very far down the line, wind up being a Nader dreamboat.

■ Old Jorge McGovern won't lift a finger to help a corrupt dictator, but he knows that handling an honest totalitarian is another matter. Back from Cuba, he is cooing about Fidel and the necessity of "improving relations" with him—i.e., giving him what he wants. Why, it would even be to our advantage to do so, the wily South Dakotan confided to Tom Brokaw on the *Today* show: Fidel had told George that, frankly, if we were to lift the embargo, he'd have to think twice, frankly, about crossing us, because, frankly, those American dollars can be awfully habit-forming. The idea of economically satellizing Cuba seems to appeal to the capitalist imperialist Yankee horse trader in McGovern.

■ For over a quarter of a century, New Hampshire legislators have fought against general sales and income taxes as a means of increasing state revenues, and always they have won. The result, in Governor Meldrim Thomson's eyes, has been "an economic prosperity that is the envy of all states." And, as he reports in the annual Budget Message for 1978-1979, he intends to preserve the tradition: the proposed budget will increase by only 10 per cent, the lowest increase in the last eight years. Thomson's approach is simple: hold down the number of state employees to a minimum, restrict agencies to their allotted percentage increases, raise other state taxes like the meals and room tax as well as the premium tax on Blue Cross–Blue Shield, and refuse most federal dollars. Federal funds, he claims, tend to propagate questionable social programs that eventually must be sustained by state governments.

■ A California judge ordered five young but legally adult members of the Unification Church (Moon, and all that) placed in their parents' custody, at least long enough for them to be "deprogrammed." The parents contended their children had been "brainwashed," though the Church had converted them without coercion. The courtroom scene was bizarre: the youngsters, aged 21 to 26, performed their own musical and poetic compositions to prove their faculties unimpaired—even as Sophocles is said at age ninety to have successfully defeated his son's motion to have him declared incompetent by reading passages from *Oedipus at Colonus* to a court. But they failed. Said the judge: "We are talking about the essence of civilization—mother, father, and children. There's nothing like it. I know of no greater love than parents' for their children, and I am sure they would not submit their children to harm." No, not unless depriving them of their liberty is harm. We are willing to believe that the parents meant well and even knew best in this case; yet the essence of civil society is not the ultimate authority of the family, but the freedom of the citizen, even the daft citizen. If the judge had merely said that the age of majority was too low, we might have agreed with him. A State Court of Appeals agreed with us, and ordered the five freed.

■ Thomas Sowell, "the black economist" as he is usually called, has added a neglected insight to the racial controversy. Tests may be culturally biased, he concedes, but then so is culture. IQ tests measure real skills of the kind that are useful in academic and professional life. As long as they are not regarded as definitive measures of innate intelligence, "tests can be used to open up opportunities . . . Historically, standardized tests first opened up many of the top colleges in America to bright youngsters from lower-class backgrounds who had previously been passed over by traditional methods of selection." As for gauging innate brainpower, he points out that tests of immigrant groups earlier in the century convinced a leading psychologist that Jews were generally moronic—this a scant generation before American Jews started raking in Nobel Prizes.

■ Chalk one up for a sensible judiciary. A three-man Court of Appeals in Washington has overturned a decision that the Washington police were at fault in their massive roundup of antiwar demonstrators who tried to bring all Washington to a standstill in the troubled early Seventies. A previous judge had found that the police had exceeded their authority, that they had no right to round up people by the hundreds and put them behind bars without using field arrest forms. The appeals court ruled that the police were justified in the mass arrests in that their main job was to keep the streets open and traffic moving. Anyone, said the judges, who remained on the scene after the police had set up police barriers and ordered demonstrators to move on was at the very least foolish and had no right to be surprised if, as happened to many, he was swept up in a general police roundup of rioters. Caveat rioter. The appeals court ruling was a severe blow to the ACLU, which brought the case in the first place, and to its clients, the now middle-aged rioters of yesteryear.

■ The front page of the April 2 London *Times* reported on what the *Times* called "an exceptionally illuminating discussion" between a Western journalist and a senior member of the Italian Communist Party. What would you do, the journalist asked Signor Lucio Lombardo Radice, if the Communists were in power and there were a grave East-West emergency? Radice: "We would choose the Soviet side, of course."

■ In the famous Shanghai Communiqué issued at the end

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The Republican Party may not be dead, but it grows increasingly difficult here to determine just what vital functions it continues to perform. The congressional leadership speaks bravely of its effective role as the loyal opposition, yet in those rare legislative instances which could be partially interpreted as Republican victories—the defeat of the common situs bill, for instance—Republicans have in effect helped the Carter Administration out of tight public-relations spots by taking the position the President preferred but was unable to advocate openly. And in matters such as the fight over the $50 rebate, which few here consider to be an earthshaking matter, the outcome hinges more on intraparty Democratic squabbles than on any clearly defined set of Republican policies and principles. In fact, few of the surviving Republicans on the Hill can any longer delineate a set of policies and principles that appear uniquely Republican.

In part, the problem is one of leadership, as witness, for instance, the embarrassing backtracking over Carter's proposal for election day voter registration. Such a scheme, as any high school civics student knows, would work heavily in favor of the Democrats. Yet when it was first proposed, there were Howard Baker, John Rhodes, and William Brock, all talking as if a plan for easy and universal voter registration was the greatest thing since bean soup. Each has since backed off, and all are busy today painfully explaining to grassroots Republicans that they really didn't say what they seemed to be saying at all. "It's a no-win situation," says one veteran Republican speechwriter. "We're looking for gimmicks and flip-flopping all over the place. We just don't have a message any more. And if we did, there'd be nobody to deliver it. So we just grind out the same old dreck, throw in a few meaningless absurdities like 'the party of the open door,' and just hope they can read it without getting their tongues caught in their cavities."

■ This lack of coherent, consistent, and convincing national spokesmen is seen here as the central Republican problem. When Howard Baker upset Robert Griffin to become Senate Minority Leader, many thought that Baker would be the man. His performance during the Watergate hearings had deeply impressed non-Washington Republicans, among them freshman senators (such as S. I. Hayakawa), whose support enabled Baker to unhorse Griffin. The TV image that Baker projected was that of a calm, attractive, reflective, and intelligent man, and the Republicans, so the reasoning went, needed just that sort of man, a handsome TV talking head with brains and principles.

Thus far, however, Baker's performance has been a source of dismay to many of his colleagues here. His economic counterproposals have been inconsistent. He has outraged rank-and-file Republicans with his murky position on the voter registration proposals. And many conservative Republicans are uneasy over what seems to be his hedging on the human rights issue. Not everyone believes Baker is primarily to blame, however. "He's as good a talking head as there is in the business," says the speechwriter. "It's just that we don't have any lines to feed him. When we became the party of the open door, all our ideas and principles seemed to rush out and we haven't been able to find them since."

■ Meanwhile, the fight to fill that leadership vacuum continues, and all of the announced contenders have familiar names and faces. Gerald Ford, in town as the American Enterprise Institute's first "Distinguished Fellow," left little doubt during his meeting with congressional leaders that he considers himself leader of the government-in-exile and intends to attempt to reoccupy the White House. Said one associate: "He wants it so badly he can taste it." Ronald Reagan nurses a similar appetite. And so, apparently, does former Treasury Secretary William Simon. Simon has a conservative following, has no age problem, and also appeals strongly to many Jewish voters. He has said nothing publicly of his presidential ambitions. But those who know him believe this is the primary reason he has undertaken a syndicated column and a series of radio broadcasts.

■ POTPOURRI FROM THE WIRES: Jack Anderson reports that researchers have discovered that peanuts cause cancer in rats. . . . There are now 28 former Eagle Scouts in Congress, and 62,000 married American servicemen are eligible for food stamps. . . . Ron Nessen is being mentioned as a candidate for governor of Maryland, and Anne Armstrong is expected to be the next governor of Texas. . . . Former associates of Spiro Agnew felt badly let down when banker J. Walter Jones decided to go to jail without a fight. Jones, who was called Agnew's "bagman" by the prosecutors, had refused to testify against Agnew, and the former Vice President had promised friends that the testimony at Jones's trial would bring startling new facts to light which would go a long way toward establishing his innocence. Jones, however, came up with nothing new. —CATO

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of Nixon's visit to China, the "normalization" of relations between the two nations was mutually affirmed as a goal. At the time, *NR* maintained that this document clearly implied the rupture of our defense treaty with, and the withdrawal of U.S. recognition from, the Republic of China. Nixon himself and Henry Kissinger firmly denied that this was so. Now, top secret documents relating to China policy have been examined by the Carter Administration. *NR* was right. Henry Kissinger has declined comment.

■ AND THE WALLS CAME TUMBLING DOWN. The new Indian government last week a) rescinded all of Mrs. Gandhi's restrictions on the press and b) lifted her ban on the showing of *All the President's Men.*

■ Do not suppose the Federal Government is impervious to the hardships caused by its ban on cyclamates and saccharin. It is increasing price supports for domestic sugar producers.

■ In Washington a few nights back, a policeman spotted a sinister figure crossing a street against the light. Moving swiftly, he and two colleagues cornered and arrested the man for jaywalking. Turned out it wasn't just any old scofflaw, but a noted journalist: Garry Wills. Who, in high dudgeon, took his revenge by writing a column including the names of his captors, adding socially redeeming value to the vendetta by grumbling about cops harassing "kids and blacks." Garry is 43 and white. Reminds us of old Jack Falstaff who,

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"The best book Buckley has ever written"

— *New York Daily News*

Airborne is one book you'll surely want to own, Bill Buckley's own intimate account of a once-in-a-lifetime Atlantic crossing (Florida to Gibraltar) in a 60 foot schooner. There's so much packed into this one it almost defies description but here's what the critics are saying—

"I have tried hard to be overly critical of Buckley's book and I have come up empty—I loved it! . . ." **—David Niven**

"Until now I could no more be persuaded to read anything on the subject of sailing than Mr. Buckley could be coaxed into reading about golf. But—after a twenty-hour stretch in a film cutting room—I successfully slapped myself awake and read it—at one in the morning—to the end. It is precisely the kind of sports writing that very rarely gets done: a piece of specialized exposition that excites the layman not as an outsider but as a human being." **—Alistair Cooke**

"What I liked so very much about this book is Buckley's love and enthusiasm for his son, his friends and political enemies, for the wind, the sea and the stars, the boat, indeed, for life itself." **—C. D. B. Bryan**
The New York Times Book Review

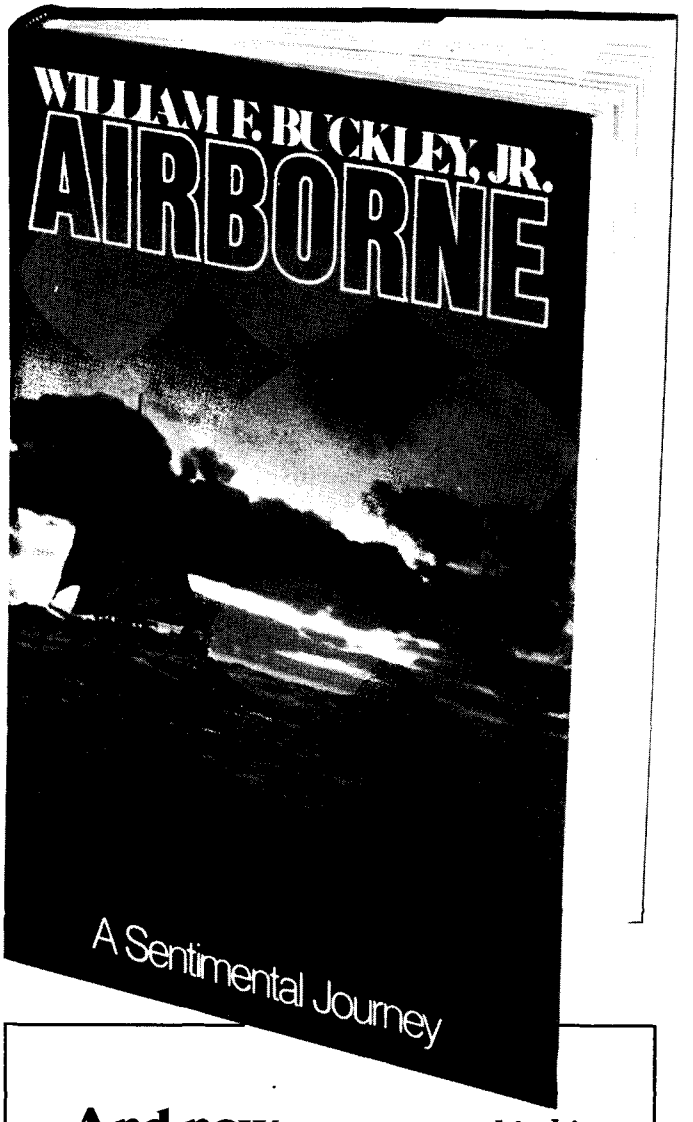
"'Airborne' is an unparalleled delight, and to anyone suffering a case of the jitters or blues I recommend it, unreservedly." **—John Riley**
Los Angeles Times

"'Airborne' will not be listed as such in the library index, but it is in fact a love story: a man's love for the sea, his love for and delight in his son's maturing, his love for his friends . . . as well as the love of a man of order and excitement for a journey made *because he and his companions wanted to make it*, and accomplished in harmonious accord." **—David Brudnoy**
The Saturday Evening Post

"It is a love story—a love story as wry, as tender, as passionate, as funny, as endearing as any romance ever set down in novel form." **—James J. Kilpatrick**

"'Airborne' is an immensely pleasurable, digressionary account of an Atlantic crossing. . . . The book is full of the renowned Buckley wit . . ." **—R. Z. Sheppard**
Time

"All in all, to sail with Buckley is always a happy passage; to read this book is analogously, a happy passage. Sea dogs will delight. Landlubbers should not hesitate." **—Herbert A. Kenny**
Boston Sunday Globe



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leading a raid on defenseless pilgrims in the night, roars, "They hate us youth!"

■ A leg up for the National News Council: The NNC was formed in 1973 (its members include former Congresswoman Edith Green; Richard Salant, President of CBS News; and William Rusher, Publisher of *NR*) to "examine and to report on complaints concerning the accuracy and fairness of news reporting in the United States, as well as to initiate studies and report on issues involving the freedom of the press." Since then it has earned praise from many quarters for its conscientiousness, although influential members of the media, such as the *New York Times* and the Associated Press, persist in treating it as unnecessary and presumptuous. Now, however, the prestigious *Columbia Journalism Review* has decided to reprint, on a regular basis, NNC's reports. "We believe," writes the *Review*'s publisher, Edward Barrett, "that our readers will find some fascinating insights into what goes on within journalism and, naturally, we hope these special sections contribute toward the aim of providing the kind of attention the council has not heretofore been accorded."

■ A couple of years ago, the Internal Revenue Service found errors in 65 per cent of the tax returns prepared by the taxpayers themselves, and in 79 per cent of those prepared with IRS assistance. Makes you wonder who should be auditing whom.

The Carter Hour

On the whole, President Carter has enjoyed a highly successful political fortnight. With his human rights campaign and his highly specific arms control proposals he seized the political initiative vis-à-vis Moscow (see also James Burnham, "Why Disarmament?" p. 486).

First, Carter threw Moscow on the defensive regarding human rights, an area of obvious Soviet vulnerability. Second, by offering the Soviets a plausible version of strategic equality and meeting thereupon with a harsh rejection, Carter focused a powerful spotlight on the reality: a Soviet thrust for strategic superiority. The angry words of Andrei Gromyko in Moscow demonstrate that the Soviets are well aware that they have been draped over a barrel. Carter is not bad, not bad at all at kicking a Russian when he is down. Gromyko employed the word "inequitable" to describe the U.S. proposals. Carter commented that he would be glad to reconsider any aspects the Soviets could "demonstrate" are inequitable. This entire performance, strangely, was described by numerous pundits as Carter's "failure" with the Soviets, the result of a "miscalculation." Brezhnev and Gromyko know better. Although Carter's stance has overwhelming support in the Congress, he will come under increasing pressure to soften his stance on the cruise missile, pressure he should firmly resist. At the moment, however, Carter has the support of the hawks. He has also badly discomfited those who are accustomed to blame the arms race on the U.S. "military-industrial complex."

To top it all off, Carter, after a show of great patience regarding the violation of U.S. coastal waters by Soviet trawlers, ordered two seized, saying quietly (see below) that you have to "draw the line somewhere." That is not a bad message to impress upon the leathery hides of the Politburo members.

In a phrase once applied to the Duke of Marlborough, however, an American President rides in the whirlwind and directs—or tries to direct—the storm. The storm is now breaking in central Africa, in the Shaba Province of Zaire.

In the initial stages of that conflict Carter—once again—appears to be playing his cards well. Far better to support Zaire with Moroccan and maybe Egyptian troops flown in via French transports, than for the U.S. to play too open a role. In all probability the French move was concerted with Washington, never mind that this is publicly denied. There is a bottom line here, however, that has not yet consolidated: the operation against Zaire from Angola would certainly not have been launched without Cuban backing, and that means, ultimately, Soviet backing. After all, the Cuban army *runs* Angola.

The target of the invasion, whatever its local and tribal aspects, is perfectly obvious: control of a fabulously rich mineral region, the world's largest producer, indeed, of industrial diamonds and cobalt.

If the Cuban–Soviet coalition which is ultimately behind this invasion decides to up the ante, Carter will find himself much less able to preserve the present U.S. stance of apparent detachment.

Ahoy, Comrades

The President's timing in the herring war has been perfect. The U.S., in keeping with the new international fashion, proclaimed fishing rules to go into effect in the 200-mile "economic zone" off U.S. coasts, the said rules being designed to prevent the ruin of the fishing banks that have been nearly depleted by the voracious factory-trawlers of foreign nations—the trawlers of the Soviet fishing fleet, largest in the world, most prominent among them. The rules are complicated, and they mean a revolution in the once happy fishing grounds. It would have seemed arbitrary and provocative to get tough at the first violation detected by the Coast Guard, and anyway Americans in general, fishermen apart, weren't yet aware of what was going on. So the President kept quiet.

After a few weeks, as was sure to happen, the violations increased; the Coast Guard got frustrated from the lack of follow-up to its strenuous endeavors; the U.S. fishermen, for whom and for whose customers the new

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rules had been devised, became angry; the politicians from fishing towns began making bitter speeches; patriotic citizens started to criticize the President as faint-hearted.

Then, assured that all sections of public opinion would be 100 per cent with him, Jimmy Carter ordered not one but two big Soviet ships boarded and hauled into port, with their skippers to be arraigned before a U.S. court. So everyone was made happy, and even Moscow—which has just proclaimed a 200-mile zone of its own—couldn't really complain.

The Andy Young Conundrum

Cuban troops are merely helping stabilize the situation in Angola, not to worry. On Rhodesia, we can't depend on the British, no one takes them seriously any more, they're chicken on racial matters. Why, when he was in Africa, did he confer only with the Communist-backed Rhodesian rebels and not with the moderate Bishop Muzorewa? Because, replied Andy Young, "Muzorewa is not doing the fighting." On the Angolan-based invasion of Zaire, again not to worry, the United States is "paranoid" about Communist activities in Africa. And on and on.

Virtually every statement by self-styled Carter Point Man Andrew Young has been apologized for, explained away, smoothed over, soft-peddled by White House and State Department spokesmen. So what's going on? Did Jimmy Carter simply make a mistake when he appointed Andrew Young to be U.S. Ambassador to the UN, and is he for some reason afraid of firing him? Or, as the more Machiavellian suggest, is this a way concerted between Jimmy Carter and Andrew Young to smoke out opinion on various foreign policy initiatives, or perhaps to win brownie points among black Africans, without in fact affecting the substance of U.S. foreign policy? If so, isn't it a dangerous game to play, one that can easily be misunderstood abroad and that will prove costly in the long run? Is U.S. foreign policy what Andrew Young says it is, speaking off the cuff and often intemperately, or is it what Jimmy Carter and his foreign policy advisors decide it should be?

Words do have consequences. When President Mobutu of Zaire gave an interview to Arnaud de Borchgrave in last week's *Newsweek*, he was right on target about Young. "Andrew Young," said Mobutu, "says it does not matter if African states go Marxist because they want to go on trading with America. Is that the position of the Carter Administration? If it is, we should be told about it and we will then be in a position to arrange for our own surrender on better terms today than tomorrow."

When Andrew Young speaks abroad he is taken to be speaking for the new Administration in Washington, no matter how risible his performance may seem to East Coast sophisticates whose attitude Herblock so aptly characterized in his April 13 cartoon in the *Washington Post*. It shows a busy newsroom, and an editor at the press service teletype machine asking: "We have the Art Buchwald and Jack Anderson columns—where's the Andrew Young comment of the day?"

"I've kept the relevance. It's just as you left it when you took off for Ottawa in 1968."

We're All Democrats Now

On April 10 the Spanish government lifted the ban on the Spanish Communist Party imposed 38 years ago at the conclusion of the civil war through which the Communists—directed, armed, and reinforced by the Soviet Union and its global apparatus—had come so close to transforming Spain into a Communist state. It was in the civil war that Santiago Carrillo, the present Communist chief, rose to the Party leadership. One wonders: Is history unwinding, or being rerun?

There is reason to believe that King Juan Carlos and the majority of his cabinet are not happy about the unleashing of the Communists. The Christian Democratic–Social Democratic–Socialist opposition declared it would boycott the election scheduled for this spring if the legalization didn't go through, but the government might have been willing to defy that threat. However, the government has given its highest priority to entry into the European Common Market, which it believes is necessary both to Spain's further economic development and to full political legitimization after the long years in limbo. Several of the West European governments, led by socialist-ruled Britain and West Germany, had made clear that they would continue to veto Spain's entry unless Spain included the Communists within the boundaries of "democratic pluralism." Their devotion to democratic pluralism has not led them to a comparable insistence on legalization and freedom of operation for a Falangist, Franquist, or fascist party to round out the political spectrum. Nor did they seem bothered by memories of Carrillo's direction, in 1936, of the mass slaughter of prisoners and hostages that earned him the title of "Assassin of Paracuellos."

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It looks like one more test run for the great law of what the French call *progressisme*: No enemy to the Left. We shall hope that post-Franco Spain will not be wrecked in the process of testing.

Thurow's Myths

Lester Thurow, a young MIT economist, has unveiled "The Myth of the American Economy" in *Newsweek*. He begins by complaining that "the richest 10 per cent of our households receive 26.1 per cent of our income," then switches to a different measure for comparisons with Sweden, West Germany, and Japan. Thurow concludes that "the degree of inequality that exists in America . . . is clearly not necessary to sustain economic growth."

Unhappily, Professor Thurow neglected to mention that the source he used, an OECD study, also shows that the richest 10 per cent of households in Japan earn 27.8 per cent of the nation's income; in Germany, 30.6 per cent.

Moreover, the OECD study points out that "the country results are not directly comparable since they had to be based on a mixture of pre-tax and post-tax distributions." There are other problems too. The figures do not account for the heavy burden of value-added taxes on low-income people in Scandinavia and Europe, nor for the fact that much U.S. aid to the poor is in-kind (such as food stamps) and therefore not counted as money income. All things considered, Thurow wasn't very thorough.

Nothing for Something

In most of the discussion, pro and con, about "stimulating" the economy, there is a common illusion that the government can somehow increase production by borrowing from Peter to pay Paul. But chronic budget deficits are not really so constructive.

For one thing, heavy Treasury borrowing draws savings out of productive private uses. The federal deficit is now absorbing about 30 per cent of all funds raised in U.S. credit markets. Government borrowing that is used to subsidize consumption ultimately displaces private investments that would otherwise have added to the economy's productive capacity.

For another, the financing of massive and persistent deficits promotes inflationary rates of growth in the supply of money. National debt held by the Federal Reserve increased from $26.5 billion in 1960 to $96.7 billion in 1976, and those Federal Reserve acquisitions were financed by increasing bank reserves and the money supply at much faster rates than in the past.

Third, chronic deficits require higher taxes in the future to pay interest on the added debt. Interest on publicly held national debt has already grown from 1.37 per cent of GNP in the period 1955-59 to 1.79 per cent in 1976.

"The increase in taxation due to the accumulation of debts that are contracted one after another makes it necessary for the government to have recourse again and again to fresh loans in order to defray extraordinary expenses. . . . Excessive taxation is now not so much an incident as a principle." When Karl Marx wrote that in *Das Kapital*, he showed more sense than many modern economists.

Winners and Losers

If the American hawks lost the shooting war in Vietnam, it begins to look as if the doves lost the screaming war. Indeed it is not easy, as Jean Lacouture, the French journalist, observes in a recent issue of *The New York Review of Books*, to have been friend to the victors of the recent "colonial wars" in Southeast Asia. In his *NYRB* piece, Lacouture offers a scathing condemnation of what he describes as "auto-genocide" in Cambodia and suggests that crimes committed in the name of "Socialism" are the most heinous crimes of all. In another recently published issue of the same magazine, Father André Gelinas, a French-Canadian Jesuit who had lived in Vietnam since 1948 but was recently expelled from the country, describes the liberated life there since the Communist takeover two years ago. Father Gelinas writes of the already infamous "re-education camps" to which "lackeys" of the defunct Thieu regime were exiled to pick unexploded land mines out of the ground, suggests the terrific emotional strains which drove a despairing father to serve his entire family bowls of poisoned soup, and describes the abject poverty that prevails in the South. At about the same time, Nat Hentoff published an acerbic piece in *The Village Voice*, in which he wrote similarly of misery in Vietnam where, in November of 1975, 12 Buddhist nuns and monks immolated themselves in protest against the activities of the Communist government. ". . . How long," demanded Mr. Hentoff, "could Americans who professed intense concern about human rights remain silent about the Socialist Republic of Vietnam? At the very least, shouldn't some questions be asked?" (See also "The New Vietnam," p. 487.)

Because, for every Gelinas, Lacouture, and Hentoff—and even Anthony Lewis, the columnist, has joined in the denunciation of the regime of the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia—there remain numerous antiwar veterans who believe that those questions should not be asked. ". . . Even if I believed that there was a consistent policy of the violation of human rights," said one, "I just would not have the nerve—as an American—to tell the Vietnamese how to organize their society. Rather, I would—I do—acknowledge and confess my own complicity in allowing the war to go on for such a long time." This latter prescription, in fact, appears to be the last refuge

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Post-Easter Thoughts

What makes the Mormons prosper
And Southern Baptists thrive?
How come Jehovah's Witnesses
Increase with every drive?
For starters, they're insistent
That Scripture is the key;
And Sundays, they don't bore the folks
With sociology.

W. H. VON DREELE

of those people who formerly inveighed against the United States Army's aborted rescue mission to South Vietnam. You see, says Anthony Lewis, by staging those incursions into Cambodia in 1970, we—Richard Nixon—*made the Khmer Rouge act like criminals.* Paraphrasing the English *Spectator*'s assessment of the Boer War, an editorial writer for the *New York Times* wrote that the anti-Vietnam activists were wrong about the enemy, but right about the war.

NBC's Moscow Connection

In a time supposedly devoted to full disclosure, sunshine laws, and the right to know, it is extraordinary that the contract between NBC-TV and the Soviets for television rights to the 1980 Moscow Olympic Games remains secret.

What we do know about that contract is amazing enough. NBC will pay the Soviets $80 million, and, further, will leave behind in Moscow all of the sophisticated electronic equipment used. This equipment, of course, the Soviets could not produce themselves; no doubt, however, they can copy it—and use it to greatly enhance their global propaganda effort.

What we have here is the wheat deal all over again, and, in its way, a perfect metaphor for detente. That is, we pay them—with money, knowhow, equipment of all kinds, food—and they go ahead with a monster military build-up and a relentless campaign against U.S. interests around the world.

The NBC deal with Moscow raises the clear danger of Soviet manipulation of the content of the broadcasts. Has NBC agreed to run Soviet-supplied video-tapes about the delights of the Workers' Paradise? We saw ABC dancing to this tune at the Montreal Olympics. Has NBC agreed not to notice, for example, Andrei Sakharov? Has NBC asked for any guarantees about freedom of reporting?

The 1980 Olympics in Moscow are obviously being programmed as an enormous propaganda bonanza for Communism generally and for the Soviets in particular. Is it not time that we got a look at that extraordinary contract, plus the surrounding memoranda, understandings, etc.? Can the FCC force disclosure? Can Congress? Can an aroused press? The 1980 Games are shaping up as a vastly more spectacular performance than the 1936 Olympics in Berlin. Before the NBC camera begins to pan from the Soviet sprint champion to the giant red star in Lenin Stadium perhaps we ought to have a look at exactly what is going on here.

Dissent on Transkei

The apartheid-inspired Republic of Transkei remains in very bad international odor—unrecognized and even denounced at the UN, and either ignored or condemned elsewhere. The French anthropologist and political activist Jacques Soustelle, however, has some sharp questions to raise about all this. The questions have a kind of double focus. They deal directly with the Transkei, but, beyond that, they also engage the international Zeitgeist, what is sometimes called "world opinion," and which tends to establish the limits of the permissible in both rhetoric and policy. The following are excerpts from an article by Soustelle in the newsletter *Today in France.*

"The United Nations has refused to recognize Transkei for what it is, an independent national entity, and to admit it in consequence as a member of that body. We must ask, therefore, if the independence of a country has validity only when that independence is acquired through bloodshed, terrorism, and barbaric warfare? From which we gather that independence is not to be recognized if it is attained through mutual consent with those who held the political, economic, and administrative power over the land."

Soustelle correctly points out that the Transkei, "by the extent of its territory, the number of its inhabitants and its resources, supports advantageously comparison with any number of mini-states that have been admitted to the United Nations despite their microscopic territories and a population often less than we count in a subprefecture."

Soustelle goes on to make the following arguments—challengeable, perhaps, but hardly negligible:

"The fact that a territory with an authentic 'black' ethnic people based on the Xhosa tribe has been separated from the other territories, both black and white, of the Republic of South Africa and is to lead its own existence, can that be qualified as racism?"

"It is objected that the Transkei is not truly independent because it continues to have many ties with the Union of South Africa. But it is not the first and only territory to have close relations with the former metropolis. . . . The United Nations admitted Angola to membership, in spite of the glaring fact that it has a government that was openly imposed on the Angolan people by 15,000 Cuban mercenaries and—what is still more outrageous—who are still there imposing a Marxist regime without regard to what the people may or may

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not want. . . . Yet Angola is acclaimed at the United Nations and Transkei is hooted down."

"There is still another futile objection. The Xhosas, who work in South Africa and have become citizens of Transkei, lose their South African nationality as a consequence of this fact, and so fall into the category of immigrant workers. But that is exactly what happened in France to the Algerians, Senegalese, and others when their homelands became independent. And even in South Africa the Xhosas are not the only ones in this situation. There are the citizens of Lesotho, Botswana, and even Mozambique and Tanzania, who work in the industries of South Africa but do not thereby acquire South African nationality, and nobody, but nobody, thinks anything of it."

"The essential reason for refusing to accept Transkei, although it has not been articulated in so many words, is that the independence of Transkei was acquired by mutual consent with the authorities of South Africa and not through guerrilla warfare, not by savage terrorism, not by useless bloodshed. . . . Therefore, according to the fanatics at the United Nations, Transkei is in the wrong, for it has shown itself not to be racist, anti-white, or Marxist."

Justice and Income

The International Institute for Economic Research has published as a single pamphlet the important *Two Essays on Income Distribution and The Open Society* by Irving Kristol and Peter T. Bauer.

Kristol argues with his customary lucidity that two models of income distribution presently exist in the world. In liberal-capitalist society income is distributed through market valuation of individual economic productivity. In socialist society, an attempt is made to determine "fair" income shares on the basis of contributions to "society."

However, Kristol argues, distributing income on the basis of "contribution to society" presumes that the society has a strong consensus about what the "common good" actually is. In fact, however, and even in socialist societies, such a consensus is usually weak, and therefore such a model of distribution inevitably entails a good deal of coercion. In Kristol's view, "the liberty of a liberal society derives from a prevalent skepticism as to anyone's ability to know 'the common good' with certainty, and from the conviction that the authorities should not try to define this 'common good' in any but a minimal way." Within liberal society, however, Kristol goes on, some are confident that they can define social justice, and do so typically in terms of equality. Such "true believers in justice-as-equality . . . dislike a free society, with all of its inevitable inequalities."

Peter Bauer, Professor of Economics at the London School of Economics, supports Kristol's thesis with some analysis of his own, arguing that economic differences are inevitable in an open and free society, and that "state action to remove these economic differences entails such extensive coercion that the society ceases to be open and free."

The International Institute for Economic Research has its editorial offices at the Department of Economics, UCLA. *Two Essays* can be obtained for 95 cents from Green Hill Publishers, Box 738, Ottawa, Illinois.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

"Two and two continue to make four, in spite of the whine of the amateur for three, or the cry of the critic for five." So, in the nineteenth century (and in quite another context), spoke Whistler. So today, in measured tone, with precision of language and of grammar, considerable wit, and courage speaks NATIONAL REVIEW—and is therefore yclept "conservative" by those who yearn for three or strive for five.

Mr. Bryan Griffin (no political dogmatist, he) seems to perceive dimly that two and two do indeed make four but plaintively (sadly?), reminiscent of John Kenneth Galbraith's familiar "Now, Bill . . . ," suggests that just occasionally two and two should make three and seven-eighths or four and one-quarter. And after all, you at the NATIONAL REVIEW are really his kind of people . . .

Perhaps Mr. Griffin is correct in his premise that the road to circulation increase is paved with three and seven-eighths and four and one-quarter.

Perhaps, alternatively, *NR* could be designed with an eye to greater appeal to those who quite openly enjoy the Boston Pops on television, drink bourbon and ginger (or boilermakers), and though not intimate with Beerbohm would enjoy and approve his works given the opportunity and stimulus.

Possibly this could be done without compromising more deeply held principles and thereby allow *NR* to remain substantially the logical, witty, timely publication that many have supported and enjoyed for two decades.

Quite possibly neither action can guarantee instant popular acclaim, and it may be that *NR* would be better advised to resist compromise and hold grimly to its present course (precarious though it may be) secure in the knowledge that 27 is very close to thirty.

Sincerely,
Bill Hampton
Dunstable, Mass.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As you may recall, I am the overzealous (former) assistant prosecutor you referred to in Newark on June 8,

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1971. If you will recall your comments during a taped interview on that date with WCBS' newswoman, Irene Cornell, you questioned my integrity and ethics because I labeled Edgar H. Smith Jr. a "danger to society."

This letter is not to offer an "I told you so," but to suggest that you give serious consideration to offering an apology to the *living* victims of your "friend" and "*cause célèbre*," Mr. Smith. You should not forget that it was your perverted sense of justice which set in motion the events which eventually freed Mr. Smith to commit another violent crime.

It is inconceivable that someone of your intelligence did not know long before December 6, 1971 that Mr. Smith was guilty. Thus, it was even a greater affront to the ends of justice that you fostered his appearance on your television program for the purpose of giving extensive publicity to his false and defamatory assertions. You were wrong about Edgar Smith and now you ought to direct some of your energy and resources toward rectifying the injury to some of the innocent victims. *You* chose to make this matter a *cause célèbre* and to publicize your (and Smith's) viewpoint and his unfounded allegations against totally innocent people.

As a journalist of considerable note you possess substantial power over which there is little check. Such a position imposes a duty of total candor, especially when you have made an error. Under the circumstances the public and the innocent victims of Mr. Smith's defamation deserve a well-published apology.

Very truly yours,
Edward N. Fitzpatrick
Newark, N.J.

Dear Mr. Fitzpatrick:

1. I questioned neither your ethics nor your integrity, but the excesses to which your zeal took you when you proposed reading Edgar Smith's love letters in open court to demonstrate something or other. I am not a trained jurist nor a trained psychologist. But the judge who released Smith was the former, and pronounced him "rehabilitated"; and the psychiatrist who examined him prior to his release pronounced him unlikely to return to crime. Your position was what one might call boilerplate hostility.

2. It is hardly out of a perverted sense of justice that one interests oneself in the question whether justice was actually done. Smith's trial lawyer was convinced of his innocence, so was the private investigator. The state's case was riddled with ambiguity, and in one respect (the coroner's report) was inconsistent with Smith's guilt.

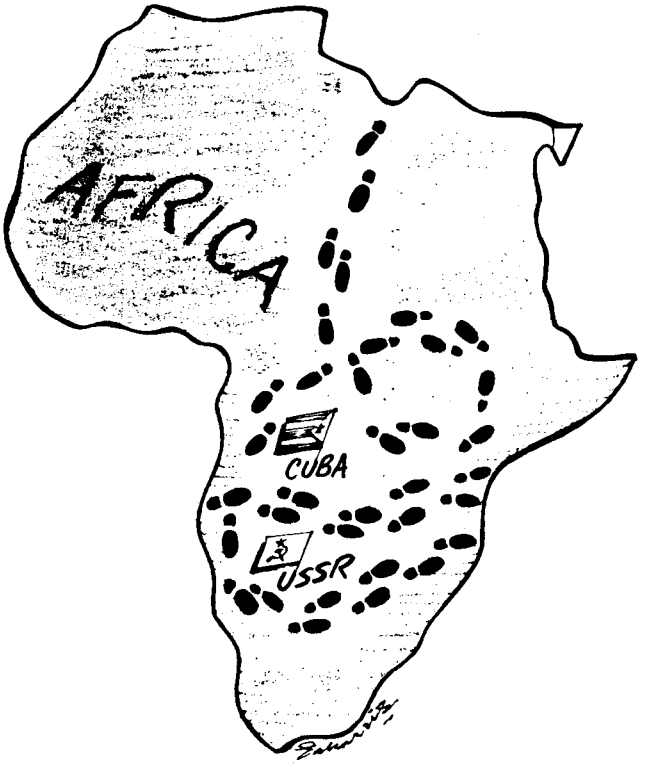
3. My power as a journalist can hardly be held responsible for a ruling after an extensive hearing by a district court judge that Smith had been unfairly tried, which opinion was sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States.

4. No lawyer I came across in the course of examining the circumstances believes that the Zielinski murder was properly murder in the first degree. That it was second degree murder was also the opinion of the judge who released Smith. Fourteen and one-half years in jail falls well over on the strict side of a second degree sentence. If I had not entered the case in the first place, and if he had been properly charged, Smith would have been out ahead of when he actually got out. Or is it your position that men convicted of murder in the second degree should be instantly executed?

5. Your suggestion that I knew all along that he was guilty contradicts your subsequent statement that I "made an error" (if I had known he was guilty, and yet depicted him as innocent, I'd have been iniquitous, not mistaken); and is, by the way, as contemptible as the obvious pleasure you take from Smith's later pursuit of his criminal career.

6. Four months before Smith confessed to the Zielinski murder, I wrote in my column (Nov. 20, 1976) everything I have to say on the subject, to wit, "I believe now that [Smith] was guilty of the first crime. There is no mechanism as yet perfected that will establish beyond question a person's guilt or innocence. There will be guilty people freed this year and every year. But for those who believe that the case of Edgar Smith warrants a vow to accept the ruling of a court as always definitive, it is only necessary to remind ourselves that, this year and every year, an innocent man will be convicted. Edgar Smith has done quite enough damage in his lifetime without underwriting the doctrine that the verdict of a court is infallible."

—WFB



E. A. Harris Rothco

Podgorny and Castro: An African Pilgrimage

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Why Disarmament?

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

THE MEDIA HAVE whipped themselves into their usual lather over what they refer to as the "breakdown" and "failure" of the Vance-Warnke mission to Moscow. However, there does not emerge from the sea of comment a clear idea of just what Carter is trying to do. More generally: What are disarmament negotiations all about? What is their purpose? their function?

These questions are seldom asked because the answers seem self-evident: the primary purpose of disarmament negotiations is to promote peace; the secondary purpose is to "lighten the burden of armaments"—that is, to reduce the portion of national income and resources spent on what is nowadays politely known as "defense."

A little thought suggests that the assumed primary purpose is not merely illusory but irrelevant. Not weapons but men make wars. If disarmament deals succeed in eliminating certain weapons, war-minded men will find other weapons; if all others are scrapped they will go at it with sticks, stones, fists, and feet, as their ancestors did before them. If everybody loved everybody it would not have occurred to anybody to acquire a cache of weapons.

"Surveying the record of disarmament since 1945," states *Encyclopedia Britannica* (1972 edition), "no more progress has been made than was made in the different circumstances of the interwar years, and the various approaches tried, singly or in relation to each other (economic, through control of defense budgets; political, through elimination of tensions; qualitative, through limitations on the number of specific types of weapons; or technical, through control of testing, etc.), have all proved unsuccessful. Arms races are effects, not causes."

The secondary, economic purpose of disarmament—lightening the burden—is at least intelligible, though it is not self-evident that a big arms program *is* necessarily an economic burden, or that we really do have to choose between guns and butter. Still, the wish to cut back on military spending might be a rational motive for disarmament negotiations. In theory a cutback might even result from a disarmament deal. In practice, though, it never has. Even if the deal provides for limiting this or that weapon, the contracting parties devise a new, fancier weapon within the formal rules—a pocket battleship, laser beam, cruise missile.

From Purpose to Function

The subjective purpose of disarmament in the mind of a Vance, Brezhnev, Warnke, or Woodrow Wilson is a problem for psychologists and biographers. What is relevant to historical, political, and social analysis is not purpose, but the operational function of disarmament negotiations within the given historical context. A calm view of the evidence shows that, in spite of the public rhetoric that envelops them, they function in fact as an integral part of twentieth century international conflict. They are one of the modes of the conflict. War is the continuation of disarmament by other means—and vice versa.

Disarmament negotiations are a strategic game, like chess, backgammon, business, and war. As in all games, the objective of a player is to win, or, if winning is impossible, to draw. To win means to improve your strategic position relative to your opponent's; to draw, to leave the relative positions substantially unaltered. Obviously, no matter what nonsense its spokesmen may put out, no government plays disarmament with the aim of weakening its relative position: and in a game both sides cannot win.

The first disarmament game on record took place (at the Hague) in 1899. Disarmament is a sport of the twentieth century—the century of mass communication, of the exponentially expanding role of the masses in human affairs. In the twentieth century, major wars require at least the acquiescence if not the active support of mass opinion. But not only wars: the armed strength, also, which, suitably used, can deter war, or win it if deterrence fails, cannot be sustained without acceptance by mass opinion.

The real action in the disarmament game is not the esoteric palaver of experts and diplomats, but the management (manipulation) of public opinion by the rival national leaders. Each team is trying to win: that is, to improve its relative strategic position. The tactical aim is to swing opinion into support of your effort and opposition to your opponent's. Standard procedure is to display your side's proposals as peace-loving and peace-making, and your opponent's as aggressive and warlike.

If you prove the superior opinion manager, you have a double chance for a win: you have put your opponent in a defensive psycho-moral bind that he may feel he can get out of only by disproportionate concessions to prove his devotion to peace; but even if he stonewalls, you have gained a favorable psycho-moral stance from which—with publicized regret, of course—to step up your own arms program.

What's the Score?

How is our new captain doing in this first appearance of his on the field?

His initial timing was good. His first public (i.e., opinion-oriented) move was to propose a sizable mutual cut in the awesome weapons, with a simple temporary agreement if that proved too much to swallow at a gulp. This he could plausibly characterize as "fair and equitable." The opponent, thrust on the defensive, could do no better than a grumpy negative. Through the exchange our captain got domestic and much of West European opinion behind him—a rare achievement in late years. This enabled him to drive another salient with his remark that our arms program would presumably have to be speeded if the opponent was not willing to make a reasonable deal.

In his first defensive stutter the opponent hinted that the human rights talk had screwed up the game, but this proved a dud and was dropped. Recovering, he dug in, and launched the old reliable Merchants of Death maneuver: the U.S. proposal is a plot by armament makers, imperialists, and reactionaries to sabotage peace.

Now we shall see whether the new captain can stay the course. It won't be easy with some of the players he has signed on. □

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SECOND ANNIVERSARY

The New Vietnam

LE THI ANH

IT IS TWO YEARS AGO this month since the Communists overran South Vietnam. When Saigon first fell, there was much speculation in the West about the likelihood of a bloodbath; as the months passed, however, and there was little news, the speculation began to taper off. Now, two years later, Vietnam and its people have vanished almost completely from the American consciousness. Those once actively concerned about the war, both doves and hawks, share a common interest in forgetting that faraway land of so many unpleasant memories.

U.S. antiwar groups don't want to be reminded of Vietnam for fear of having to admit that their marches, demonstrations, and successful cut-the-aid campaign resulted in death or detention for thousands of South Vietnamese, many of whom were their partners in non-Communist opposition to President Thieu.

U.S. officials also are anxious to contain unhappy news from Vietnam, because it will reveal how inadequate the American evacuation program was, as well as how the U.S. failed its allies. According to Frank Snepp, a CIA analyst who served in Saigon, the American Embassy wasn't able to destroy its top-secret files during the frantic evacuation, and among the information that fell into Communist hands was a list of 30,000 Vietnamese who had worked in the Phoenix program, a U.S.-sponsored operation responsible for the elimination of thousands of Communist agents. A full report on the massacre of those 30,000 Phoenix cadres is said to have reached the desk of the French ambassador to Saigon by late 1975; he communicated it to Washington, where nothing was done with it.

The American media also seem to want to forget Vietnam. Scores of former concentration-camp inmates—Vietnamese who escaped not in April 1975 but after the Communists had been in power awhile—have arrived in the United States, but they get very little attention from the press. (Although this was recently remedied somewhat, when Jean Lacouture's horror story of life in present-day Cambodia and Father André Gelinas' account of life in South Vietnam after the takeover were reprinted in *The New York Review of Books*.)

At the time Saigon fell, most people in the West assumed that if there were a bloodbath, it would have to be motivated by anger, by the Communists' desire for revenge and retaliation. Since none of those emotions was detected in the North Vietnamese rulers and their well-disciplined troops as they marched into Saigon, onlookers concluded that there would be no bloodbath—*QED*. Senator McGovern scoffed at the Ford Administration for its predictions. "It's ridiculous," he said, "to believe that Mme. Binh is going to murder her compatriots." The Senator was right: Mme. Binh was not going to murder anyone. The Communist system itself took on the job.

THE BLOODBATH is motivated not so much by hatred or revenge as by the necessity for the Communist system to purge itself of undesirable elements. From a Marxist viewpoint, political purge is a necessity in order to achieve political purity, a precondition to the building of socialism. Political purity ensures singlemindedness, which in turn achieves high efficiency. The Vietnamese Communists, as they showed in their conduct of the war, are doctrinaire, singleminded, efficient. But not until all Vietnamese—men, women, and children—think the Communist way, will political purity be achieved for the new nation as a whole. This is why indoctrination—"re-education" as they call it—is of prime importance. For those who are too old or too stubborn to change, elimination is the only alternative.

Seen in its proper context, the bloodbath is only one of the three columns holding up the structure known as One Red Vietnam. Those three columns are: reunification, with Hanoi as the capital; full-scale Marxist revolution in the South; and political purge, i.e., bloodbath. This program was not ready to be put into effect immediately following the takeover. Hanoi was in a position to take the South militarily but not to turn it Communist overnight. A bloodbath in the aftermath of the takeover would have served no purpose except to unleash emotions; but the Communist system has no place for real emotions; it is a machine which expertly creates synthetic emotions, such as hatred of U.S. imperialists, for its own ends.

No Vietnamese I know was surprised that a bloodbath did not occur immediately after the Communist victory. A bloodbath at that time would have been counterproductive, under the glare of international publicity and scrutiny: thousands of foreigners, including scores of foreign correspondents, were still in Saigon, all of them watching the behavior of the victorious troops. The press—and the world—wanted to see how this long, bitter war would end. Hanoi wanted money for reconstruction and did not wish to jeopardize the chances of getting aid by an early and spectacular massacre that would have awakened the conscience of the Free World. If Hanoi is to get American aid, it must rely on those same elements in American society that fought against the Vietnam War so effectively; it must get them to work American public opinion and the U.S. Government around to such a course. And those elements do not like hearing about bloodbaths.

Hanoi has other reasons besides the obvious economic ones for wanting U.S. aid: it hopes to avoid total reliance on either the USSR or China; and it views U.S. reparations as the final step in the humiliation of America. Thus, for all these reasons, the bloodbath had to be delayed. However, in March of 1976—a year ago—the bamboo curtain began to come down.

All foreign correspondents, news agency reporters, and UN and Red Cross representatives were ordered to leave Saigon (now Ho Chi Minh City) before May 8, 1976. On June 10, both

Mrs. Anh left Vietnam when Saigon fell. A member of President Ford's Advisory Committee on Indochinese Refugees, her articles have appeared in Asian Survey, Harper's Weekly, *and the* Washington Star.

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Hanoi and Saigon announced that 12 categories of people would face trial by "people's tribunals." Among those to be "severely punished": the "lackeys of U.S. imperialism"; those veterans of Thieu's "puppet regime" who failed to repent their "crimes" and those who "owed blood-debts" to the people; and the "past and present enemies of the government and revolution." (This is not the first appearance in Vietnam of people's tribunals. North Vietnamese refugees vividly remember that from 1956 to 1959, people's tribunals, using denunciation and torture, were responsible for 200,000 deaths in the North.)

Meanwhile, the regime had already started setting up its "re-education camps" and "new economic areas." Thousands of urban Vietnamese families have been forced to sell their homes and start over again in new economic areas where even the basic necessities are lacking. (Hence corruption, once thought of as a Thieu trademark, is flourishing: a new mandarin class has emerged ready to sell anything from a place in a fertile new economic area to a visa to France.)

In all, some 300,000 people are being detained in re-education camps which are in no way similar to the show camps set up for the benefit of visiting dignitaries and foreign reporters. (The *Washington Post* story of February 15 was based on a visit to such a show camp.) One out of every three Saigon families has a member in one of the camps, according to French journalist Jean Lacouture, who made an automobile trip from Hanoi to Saigon in 1976. After a visit to a new economic area for former Saigon soldiers near Phan-Thiet, Lacouture wrote that it was "a pre-fabricated hell and a place one comes to only if the alternative to it would be death."

Camps for former officers and functionaries of the Saigon government are usually located in malaria-infested jungle areas. Thousands of camp inmates have died from lack of food, medicine, or clothing. Thousands have committed suicide, some have been secretly liquidated, others perish through staged "accidents." For example, former officers are forced to de-activate minefields with their bare hands, so the regime will not have to waste valuable bullets on them.

After the officers had mostly been taken care of, it was the turn of the intellectuals, some 2,500 of whom were sent to re-education camps. Among them are journalists, authors, scholars, professors, Western-educated technicians, student leaders, "Third Force" leaders. The list of prominent Vietnamese now either in prison or in concentration camps includes Catholic Bishop Nguyen Van Thuan; a 72-year-old Hoa-Hao Buddhist leader, Luong Trong Tuong, and 17 members of his family; Harvard-educated Tony Nguyen Xuan Oanh; lawyer Tran Van Tuyen.

Meanwhile, a new means of breaking up armed resistance against the regime has been added to this already formidable arsenal: on December 16, Premier Pham Van Dong spoke to the Fourth Communist Party Congress in Hanoi, announcing that one million South Vietnamese would be deported to the North, in a five-year population shift.

A VIETNAMESE woman journalist who escaped after 16 months under Communist rule has had no news of her husband, a police officer who was detained in a re-education camp; she believes he either is dead or has been deported to a labor camp in the North. Her case is typical. There is no reconciliation, no forgiveness, no leniency, only a carefully concealed massive political purge.

Father André Gelinas, a Vietnamese-speaking Jesuit priest who was recently expelled from Saigon, says that as many as 20,000 Vietnamese have committed suicide since the Communists took over. In the article that *New York Review* reprinted, Gelinas writes that one former policeman killed his ten children, his wife, and his mother-in-law, and then killed himself. One father, after explaining it was necessary to put an end to their torment, passed out poisoned soup to his family. Twelve monks and nuns immolated themselves by fire at their Duoc-Su pagoda, in Phung-Hiep, Can-Tho on November 2, 1975, to protest religious persecution.

Scores of eyewitnesses flee South Vietnam by boat every month. Huynh Tran Duc's account is worth special attention. Duc is a young Vietnamese graduate of the French *Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales* and Columbia University. When Saigon was "liberated," he left his Pan Am job and his American sweetheart and went home to serve under the new regime. He finally bribed his way out and escaped to Australia deeply disillusioned with the liberation he had actively supported until he saw it with his own eyes. His day-by-day account, *Diary of a Liberated Man*, written in English, was translated into French by Brigitte Friang and published in her book *Le Mousson de la Liberté* (Plon). Here is an excerpt from his entry for July 7, 1975:

> A convoy of 150 former Saigon officers was massacred en route to a re-education camp, except one who feigned death. Four U.S. trucks were driven by ARVN [North Vietnamese army] drivers; all the officers were blindfolded with their hands tied behind their backs. The trucks were preceded by an armored car and a tank and followed by the same. Suddenly, in the ink dark of the countryside night, the leading tank and armored car sped up and the following tank and armored car opened fire on the convoy. The wounded were dispatched in place.

All the prisoners were killed, except one who was saved by the local populace. And it was he who reported the massacre. This was a North Vietnamese version of the Katyn massacre of 1939, in which the Russians shot 4,500 captured Polish officers. The official story was that the convoy was mined by rebels. Ten days before, another convoy of high-ranking officers left Cholon under the same conditions—traveling by night, hands tied, blindfolded. Their wives don't know what has become of them.

In its January 24, 1977 issue, the weekly *Trang-Den*, published in Glendale, California, carried photographs and a handwritten letter from the widow of Lieutenant Pham Mai, who perished during an anti-Communist attack on the Long-Giao concentration camp in Long Khanh province. On the night of April 24, 1976 the Phu-Quoc Quan (National Recovery) forces attacked the camp and liberated a number of inmates. The remaining were machine-gunned by camp authorities.

In view of the above it seems incredible that the United States could be considering a program of aid to Vietnam. U.S. dollars most certainly will not help the Vietnamese people; all they can do is provide the government with more bullets. U.S. aid must be tied to respect for human rights: in this case, the prior release of 300,000 former military and political opponents of the Hanoi government. The people of South Vietnam too have their missing-in-action. □

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GOODBYE UTOPIA

The Failure of Libertarianism

JEROME TUCCILLE

In 1969 a new political movement was launched in the United States: libertarianism. It achieved some public exposure because of its apparent contradictions. It was right-wing, yet antiwar at the same time; pro-capitalism, yet against subsidizing big business; middle class in its ethics and values, yet supportive of civil liberties —particularly First Amendment guarantees. In short, it struck many as an oddball blend of conservatism and liberalism, advocating free market economics and decriminalization of drugs, pornography, abortion, and victimless crimes in general. It was as though Ayn Rand and Abbie Hoffman had suddenly met and, to everyone's astonishment, discovered that they were star-crossed lovers destined to wander through life together in perfect harmony.

All or Nothing

Today, eight years after its inception, libertarianism has failed to emerge as a major independent political movement in the United States. It is still perceived as an eccentric, cranky, sometimes amusing adjunct of American conservatism. It remains an intellectual curiosity—"political poetry" as William Buckley labeled it not too long ago —not regarded as a serious alternative to standard liberalism and conservatism by anyone except its most ardent advocates.

Now it is time to ask, *Why?* and to come up with some honest answers. As someone who was there at the beginning, and who has supported the movement (sometimes reluctantly) over the years, it seems to me that there are several key reasons for its failure.

Libertarianism has always been and continues to be hopelessly utopian. One example is its position on the issue of public *v.* private schools. Most candid observers agree that the system of public education, particularly in the urban areas, is in a state bordering on chaos. Most libertarians oppose public education on principle, as do many conservatives, arguing that the government should do little more than maintain the peace. Libertarians, however, reject any attempt to solve the dilemma in a realistic fashion. The so-called Voucher System, allowing parents a tax credit which could be applied to a school of their choice, is not even given a hearing in libertarian circles. Instead, libertarians clamor for immediate abolition of the public school system—before a suitable alternative has been established. They have little concern for the power struggle that would ensue after that institution had been destroyed if nothing had been erected to take its place. Libertarians have given much thought to the kinds of institutions they would like to abolish—public health, public transportation, public welfare, just about everything run with public revenues—and virtually no thought at all to a creative and constructive program of transition. In other words, they want their ideal world (Utopia) tomorrow morning, and to hell with the cost.

In Gold We Trust

Not content to generate realistic programs designed to control the excesses of growing federal power, libertarians have insisted on their purity and refused to work for anything less than a fantasy land straight out of the pages of *Atlas Shrugged*. For better or worse, the Federal Government exists and is not going to crumble in the foreseeable future. Realistically, we can hope to put a brake on its reckless power over our lives by electing some sympathetic candidates to office; conceivably, we may even be able to reverse the trend of the past half-century. But by clamoring for nothing less than the total abolition of all political power, libertarians have placed themselves beyond the pale of a viable political alternative.

A similar case can be made with the income tax. The income tax is a permanent condition of our life. Like all utopians, however, libertarians have put their faith in slogans rather than realistic action. No libertarian conclave is complete without a banner announcing that TAXATION IS THEFT. Anyone disagreeing, or suggesting that the best we can hope for is an immediate reduction in both taxes and public expenditures, is denounced as an "immoral statist" or "collectivist."

The gold standard is another issue on which libertarians have failed to adopt a practical attitude. The question whether or not the American dollar would be better off with a solid gold foundation is now academic. For the past half-century or so, the powers that be have labored to sever our paper currency from its connection to the metal. Today we live in a world where the major Western currencies float against each other from day to day, backed only by the economic health of the societies which they represent. This is another *fait accompli* which libertarians have failed to acknowledge. The Chicago School economists, led by Milton Friedman, have embraced a realistic solution calling for a tighter rein on the money supply and a balanced budget as the best means of strengthening the dollar. *Pure* libertarians, alas, continue to entertain their utopian pipedreams, painting vivid portraits of some faraway world where "fiat" or "counterfeit" money is unknown, flying banners proclaiming IN GOLD WE TRUST, and talking only to themselves in terms that appear to have nothing whatsoever to do with the real world.

Then there is foreign policy. Libertarians proudly refer to themselves as "isolationists." For the most part they have embraced a revisionist view of history which regards the existence of a U.S. soldier outside our national borders as concrete evidence of America's "imperialistic designs" on the rest of suffering humanity. The military policy of most leading libertarians would reduce the United States to a fortress America, or a "giant Switzerland" as one libertarian thinker has phrased it. What this concept overlooks, of course, is the fact that Switzerland's neutrality

(Continues on page 511)

Mr. Tuccille is the author of four books. His most recent, Who's Afraid of 1984?, *published by Arlington House, is coming out in the Netherlands and Belgium this year. He was the Libertarian candidate for governor of New York in 1974.*

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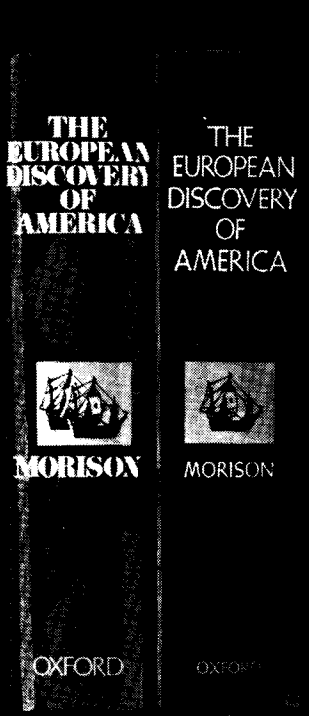

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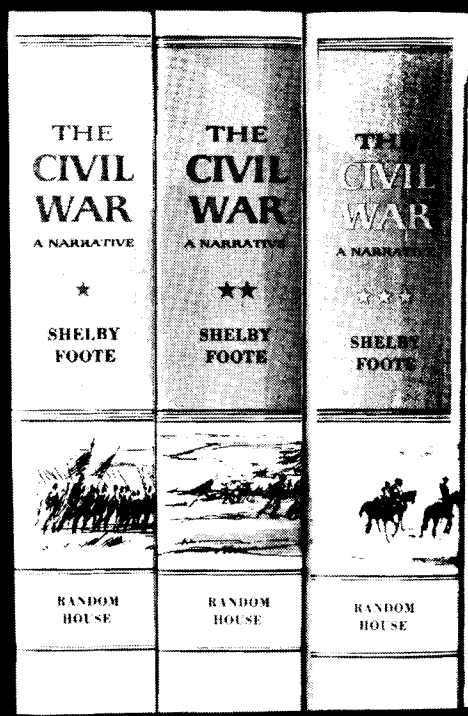

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REVERSE DISCRIMINATION

A Brief Against It

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

"How am I, as Secretary of HEW, ever going to find first-class black doctors, first-class black lawyers, first-class black scientists, first-class women scientists, if these people don't have the chance to get into the best [schools] in the country?"—Joseph A. Califano Jr., *New York Times*, March 18, 1977.

I

On April Fool's Day Mr. Califano wisely fudged these words he had spoken two weeks earlier. However, he still does not understand that reversing discrimination is inconsistent with enforcing equality of opportunity. Preferential admissions to colleges and professional schools are now widely practiced. So is "affirmative action," which is basically analogous to preferential admissions: it applies to hiring, promotion, and employment in general. Persons belonging to selected minorities or under-represented groups (such as women, or blacks) are admitted or hired if they meet scholastic standards which are specially lowered for them. Or, they are given preference over others who have performed as well or better in meeting requirements. This practice, which Secretary Califano endorses, discriminates, in effect, against those who are being displaced in favor of those who displace them. Its legality has been attacked with respect to state institutions. But the Supreme Court, although it heard the DeFunis case (*DeFunis v. Odegaard*, 1974), avoided deciding it because DeFunis, who had sued the university, had by that time been admitted and graduated.

Both preferential admissions and affirmative action are meant to discriminate against discrimination, to reduce discrimination by favoring those discriminated against in the past, or elsewhere. Is this reversal morally justifiable? Can it be effective in achieving its purpose?

In the past Oxford and Cambridge gave preference to the sons of great English families even when their qualifications did not justify it. They were preferred because they would exercise power and influence whether admitted or not. It was thought that society would benefit more by educating these students than by educating others who, even if more meritorious, would be likely to exercise less influence on the course of social affairs. The advantage to the universities was expected to be greater as well—a matter that probably did not escape the attention of the admitting authorities. For similar reasons, American universities in the past gave preference to students likely to inherit great wealth. Is a reversal of this pattern required by justice, or is it socially useful, as the old pattern was thought to be? Let me consider the social usefulness before turning to the justice of reversal.

Could society benefit from the preferential admission of the disadvantaged as it might have benefited from the preferential admission of the privileged? Scarcely. There is no reason to believe that members of groups previously discriminated against will exercise disproportionate social power or influence, regardless of higher education denied or received. Hence their preferential admission cannot be justified by reasoning that their education deserves preference because it would be socially more useful than that of the more meritorious.

Preferential admissions might be useful in other respects. If one assumes that society consists of separate communities, each wanting indigenous leaders, preferential admissions (even quotas) might help provide higher education for the requisite number of members of each group. (This was the justification English universities advanced for giving some preference to potential Indian and African leaders.) But women, or even blacks, do not form segregated political or cultural communities. Where they do, our present policy is to integrate or at least to desegregate them. Although the "melting pot" image of America simplifies and exaggerates, the Swiss paradigm of full geographical and cultural separation is neither feasible nor desirable in the United States. (Anyway, those who desire it can avail themselves of the private colleges exclusively attended by the groups of their choice.) Preferential admission of the previously disadvantaged cannot rest, then, on the social benefit to be gained by educating the independently powerful, or on the need for indigenous leadership.

Another argument for preferential admissions conceives of institutions of higher learning and of other non-political institutions as representative bodies, in which all classes, races, sexes, and religions—however well integrated—ought to be represented in proportion to their share of the population, even if admission standards have to differ for each group to secure its proportional representation. Yet educational or business, unlike political, institutions are not meant to be representative. In politics, representativeness, rightly or wrongly, plays a major role, although it is often hard to see who, and what, is represented: the occupational, class, age, and sex ratios of our representative bodies scarcely reflect

Mr. van den Haag's latest book is Punishing Criminals: Concerning a Very Old and Painful Question. *This article is adapted from a paper delivered at the Morris Colloquium on Compensatory Justice at the University of Colorado.*

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those of the population. Still, it would be hard for a white man to be elected in Harlem; and political tickets wisely tend to represent important ethnic, religious, or geographical groupings of voters.

However, institutions of higher learning are not political bodies and cannot represent the voters without defeating their function, which is to teach and do research, not to make political decisions. So too with business enterprises: to require representativeness in faculties, or student bodies, is no more justified than to require representativeness in Chinese restaurants, prisons, hospitals, or opera houses. These institutions have non-representative functions which require admission (or confinement) criteria relevant to those functions, regardless of representativeness. So too with graduate or professional schools. We want the most able and gifted to be prepared for the tasks at hand by the most able and gifted, regardless of sex or race. To demand representativeness would be contrary to the social interest which requires the best surgeon, or the best singer, to be educated for his task, not the racially or sexually most representative.

I can find no utilitarian justification, then, for preferential admission of previously under-represented national, racial, or sexual groups. On the contrary, it would be dysfunctional, favoring persons less able to learn and teach than those rejected, and thus causing society to be served by the less able in the professions education prepares for. *Mutatis mutandis*, this applies to non-educational institutions as well. Let me turn now to non-utilitarian justifications.

II

Should the preference given the powerful in the past be reversed for the sake of justice? Surely, to do so would shift rather than repair injustice. Injustice would not be reduced, but merely inflicted on a different group. If the preference given the powerful was wrong because it violated equality of individual opportunity and the rule of admission by relevant qualification only, then violation of that rule in favor of a different group, the powerless, would be no less wrong, however generous the reparative intent.

Individual reparations can be justified if the victim of discrimination and the victimizer are individually identifiable. Thus, qualified persons who were not hired because they were discriminated against may be compensated for their loss. There is a case even for collective compensation, if losses are tangible (e.g., racial firings, confiscations, or de-licensings as in Nazi Germany), and if victimizers and victims, though not individually identifiable, are roughly contemporary as groups. Matters become murky, however, if one considers granting compensation to persons not allowed to acquire the qualifications they might have acquired had they been admitted and which might have led to higher incomes than they actually did earn. Unjust losses certainly were suffered, but we cannot know their incidence and size.

Matters become even more murky if the discriminatory rules were imposed over a long period in the distant past. The incidence of the unjustly achieved advantages and of the unjustly imposed disadvantages becomes diffuse and uncertain, as does the liability for both. Moreover, current generations can bear no responsibility for discrimination imposed by generations past, other than to discontinue it. Can today's Italians be held liable for Caesar's invasion of Gaul, or today's Frenchmen for Napoleon's invasion of Germany? Can Polish or Italian workers be held liable for the fate inflicted on American Indians by the colonists? or Jewish teachers and students for disabilities imposed on blacks in the past? or contemporary males for past discrimination against women? We are told (Deuteronomy 24:16): "The fathers shall not be put to death for the children, neither shall the children be put to death for the fathers: every man shall be put to death for his own sin." It is a good rule. Those not responsible for it cannot be asked to compensate for the damage. They can only be restrained from causing further losses.

Though less than perfect, admission tests serve well the purpose for which they are used. Preferential admissions, far from offsetting unfairness, would introduce it

Justice, then, requires the cessation of discriminatory activities, including discrimination in admissions or hiring, but no reversal. Preferential admissions to repair past injustice might "discriminate for" persons who themselves suffered no "discrimination against," at the expense of persons not responsible for past "discrimination against."

The problem of compensation for the present consequences of past injustice cannot be met, then, by preferential admissions. Still, efforts to solve it are demanded by generosity, if not by justice. Some members of the formerly "discriminated against" groups have native abilities which would justify admission to the schools or hiring by the enterprises to which they have applied, had these abilities not remained undeveloped because of unfavorable circumstances co-produced by past discrimination. Colleges and universities may play a role in helping such applicants to overcome hardships, in order to prepare them for (non-preferential) admission. Pre-admission tutoring may be a reasonable effort to offset the present effects of past injustices in which colleges participated, and thus to make amends.

III

Occasionally it is argued that preferential admissions are needed to offset unfairness inherent in the tests which universities and professional schools use to decide on admissions. These tests are thought to discriminate against qualified persons who belong to disadvantaged groups. Actually, they are quite reliable in predicting the likely degree of success in the professional and graduate schools which use them. They measure relevant abilities, regardless of sex or race. Their value is limited: the tests do not measure non-academic abilities or human characteristics, nor predict the degree of success in activities for which they are not designed. However, though less than perfect, the tests serve well the limited purpose for which they are used. Preferential admissions, far from offsetting unfairness, instead would introduce it by setting aside the objective measurement the tests permit, in favor of racial or sexual privileges.

IV

Sexes and races are not proportionally represented among students admitted to professional and graduate schools, nor among faculties, nor in the ranks of corporations. This has been regarded as evidence of discrimination against the

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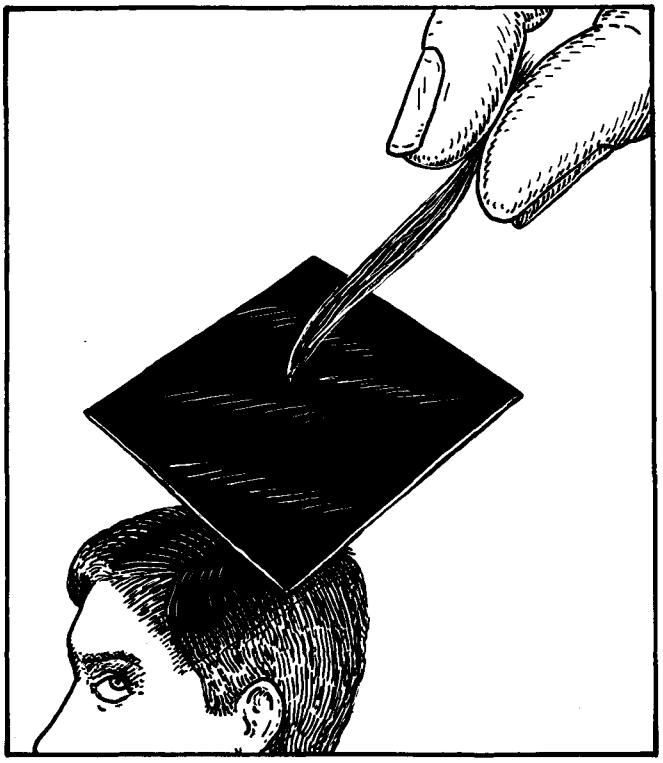
under-represented. Radicals insist that disproportionate representation is unfair even when it does reflect actual differences in abilities, qualifications, or motivations. Others, philosophically more moderate, believe that equal treatment necessarily would lead to proportional representation of all groups. Thus, disproportionate representation *eo ipso* demonstrates "discrimination against" the under-represented, even if it cannot be verified independently, and preferential admission may become an appropriate remedy.

If one assumes that all relevant aptitudes, talents, and motivations are equally distributed among classes, sexes, nationalities, and races, then over- or under-representation of any one group in desirable activities necessarily indicates unequal treatment. Such an assumption has never been shown to be true. Widespread abilities, e.g., the ability to be a farmer, a janitor, or a clerk, seem to be distributed fairly equally among groups. But the ability to study mathematics or teach it, or to run a major enterprise, is not that widespread. Universities and corporations cannot draw on a number of talented people in each group proportional to the size of the group. And if the members of different groups are not necessarily equally qualified *ab initio*, objective tests need not lead to proportional representation. Over- or under-representation does not indicate bias any more than proportional representation of groups among admitted candidates indicates unbiased admissions standards. Racist theories notwithstanding, the over-representation of Jews in important professions in Germany, and the consequent under-representation of non-Jewish Germans, did not indicate a discriminatory policy to place the latter at a disadvantage in favor of the former.

V

Is preferential admission of students, or affirmative action in hiring faculty or executives, a suitable remedy for actual or suspected discrimination? Both policies set numerical goals which, when achieved, would make faculties and student bodies, or executive units, reflect the proportions in which women or various racial groups occur, either in the general population, or among candidates with appropriate prior degrees and specializations.



Outside academic institutions, the advantages of using affirmative action to establish equality of opportunity may at times outweigh the disadvantages, when a licensing or admissions board, or an employer, currently discriminates against a group. There is a *prima facie* indication of discrimination if all those admitted, employed, or licensed are white, or male, even though others wish to be, and if 1) no distinctive qualifications are needed for the job or license; or 2) the distinctive qualifications needed can be shown to be possessed by the rejected candidates in substantially the same degree as by the accepted ones; or 3) the relevant qualifications can be tested, yet no suitable tests are used (or the tests used discriminate irrelevantly). In such cases numerical goals help to attain equality of opportunity. Yet they should be abandoned as soon as improper discriminatory practices cease, for numerical goals necessarily reduce the appropriate discriminations in hiring, promotion, firing, or licensing in terms of actual skill, reliability, diligence, etc.

The preferentially admitted black student may never know whether he graduated because he was black or because he deserved to. If he does know, others will not

Numerical goals *ipso facto* disregard the distinctive individual qualifications of candidates, or reduce the decisive weight they should have in most cases. They certainly cannot be appropriate for educational institutions, where these distinctive qualifications must be paramount. Further, academic institutions can (and do) properly test individual qualifications for admission. Therefore, numerical goals, far from reducing irrelevant discrimination, perpetuate or introduce it into academic institutions by placing more qualified persons at a disadvantage relative to less qualified or equally qualified ones who belong to an under-represented race or sex. (Where individual qualifications, although of decisive importance, are not always objectively testable—e.g., in hiring or promotions—universities and professional schools usually are willing to submit disputes to arbitrators.)

VI

Consider now the effects on persons, rather than institutions. The effect of academic affirmative action, or of preferential admissions, on those discriminated for is likely to be unhelpful. There are three possibilities. First, there is the unqualified law student who was preferentially admitted. He will drop out because of low grades which were predictable from his entrance test. He may be worse off than before.

Second, some preferentially admitted students graduate by dint of preferential grading or undemanding curricula specially fashioned for them. They profit from the credentials obtained. But the group which was to be favored pays a high price: the black college graduate, PhD, or lawyer who graduated because lower standards were applied to him

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than to his white counterparts is not as competent as they are and will reinforce the prejudice which maintains that blacks are necessarily less competent than whites.

Third, there is the preferentially admitted black student who, despite low entrance scores, actually catches up and does well without preferential grading. Yet he may never know whether he graduated because he was black or because he deserved to. If he does know, others will not: he will suffer from the image perpetuated by his fellow student whose preferential admission was complemented by preferential grading. Similarly, female or black professors hired or promoted because of affirmative action will not know whether they were hired because they were qualified or because they were female or black; nor will others. Those hired because they belong to an under-represented group though they are not the most qualified persons also will perpetuate the image of low competence of the under-represented group—the image that contributed to discrimination against it in the first place.

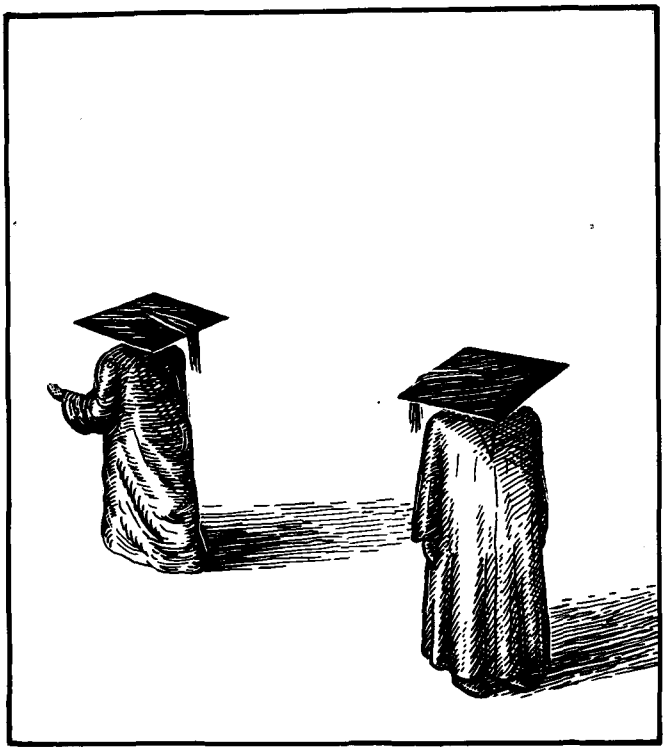
The persons excluded because of preferential admissions or affirmative action naturally are no less bitter than those who in the past were excluded by discrimination. Since "discrimination for" merely reverses "discrimination against," it cannot but perpetuate the group hostilities of the past. This applies as well to all enterprises which practice reverse discrimination.

There is also an unattractive arbitrariness about the whole procedure. Unless inclusion into the groups discriminated for is determined by sex, it often must be capricious. Puerto Ricans, Spaniards, Argentinians, and Mexicans are all "Spanish surnamed." It is hard to see what else they have in common, or why they should receive different treatment than Portuguese, Brazilians, or Arabs. And it is not obvious that various white "ethnics" suffered less from discrimination than females did. Yet they are not preferentially admitted, or hired, by affirmative action. These remedies, then, are not only counterproductive and unjust most of the time, but also arbitrarily selective. Perhaps this is a minor defect compared to those already mentioned: if an idea is bad, arbitrary application does not make it much worse. Nonetheless the inherent capriciousness of the scheme and the unavoidable arbitrariness in execution are psychologically repulsive.

Affirmative action is a creature of the federal bureaucracy and judiciary. The bureaucracy gave birth to it; the judiciary adopted and legalized it

VII

Affirmative action and preferential admissions were aided and abetted by persons who felt guilty enough about past discrimination to make amends, even at the expense of innocent third persons. Groups which, rightly or wrongly, felt discriminated against in the past also have supported affirmative action and preferential admissions. But in the main these are creatures of the federal bureaucracy and judiciary. The bureaucracy actually gave birth to the illegitimate child; the judiciary adopted and legalized it.



Fears that a bureaucratic monstrosity would be foisted on the country were voiced in Congress during the debate on the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Such fears were laid to rest when the managers of the bill, Senators Joseph Clark and Clifford Case, submitted a memorandum stating:

> There is no requirement in Title VII that an employer maintain a racial balance in his work force. On the contrary, any deliberate attempt to maintain a racial balance, whatever such balance may be, would involve a violation of Title VII because maintaining such a balance would require an employer to hire or refuse to hire on the basis of race. It must be emphasized that discrimination is prohibited as to any individual . . . the question in each case would be whether that individual was discriminated against. [110 *Congressional Record* 7213, April 8, 1964.]

Further, at the behest of the bill's sponsors, the Department of Justice submitted a memorandum stating:

> Finally, it has been asserted that Title VII would impose a requirement for "racial balance." This is incorrect. There is no provision, either in Title VII or in any other part of this bill, that requires or authorizes any federal agency or federal court to require preferential treatment for any individual group for the purpose of achieving racial balance.
>
> No employer is required to hire an individual because that individual is a Negro. No employer is required to maintain any ratio of Negroes to whites, Jews to gentiles, Italians to English, or women to men. [110 *Congressional Record* 7207, April 8, 1964.]

Despite the clear language of these memoranda, the bureaucracy has perverted the intent of the legislation. Racial balance and the group preferences needed to attain it are prescribed and enforced. The courts have found constitutional arguments to help administrative agencies override the intent of Congress. Bureaucracy has replaced both democracy and common sense. They can be reinstated only when the citizens push Congress and the courts into disciplining and limiting the bureaucracy. □

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CONTRETEMPS

Eyes on the White House Lawn

S. L. VARNADO

FOR THE FIRST time in about a hundred years we have a President who speaks with a Southern accent (give or take a few phonemes), and the nation seems to be enjoying the fact. Everybody is making jokes with "y'all" and "shucks" in the punch lines, talking knowingly about "good ole boys," and casually using expressions like "madder than a long-tailed pig in a revolving door." This Era of Good Feeling is bound to end, however. Southerners and Northerners think they speak the same language, but in actual fact they do not; and I would bet my last chitterling that it won't be long before the hostilities break out. Here are some examples of the confusion I foresee.

1. Misunderstandings caused by the pronunciation of the long *i* sound. Northerners pronounce the long *i* sharply in words like *rice* and *ice*. Southerners, on the other hand, drag the thing out as if they were really enjoying it. Instead of *rice*, a Southerner says *rise*; instead of *ice*, he says *eyes*. This could cause some problems for President Carter. Returning to the White House on a cold winter day, he phones up the head of the maintenance staff: "Good afternoon, this is President Carter. I just wanted to report that I noticed a lot of eyes on the White House lawns and sidewalks."

The maintenance man puzzles over this for a moment. "Eyes on the sidewalks, Mr. President? You saw eyes on the sidewalks?"

"Yes. Lots of eyes. And some broken limbs too."

"Eyes and broken limbs! Shall I call an ambulance?"

"Ambulance? What for, man? There's been no accident yet; but there will be if we don't get the eyes cleared away. How about sprinkling it with salt?"

"Sprinkling the eyes with salt?"

"Yes. That's what we do in Georgia when the eyes gets heavy. 'Course it doesn't happen often."

"No. No, I wouldn't suppose it does."

"Can you take care of it?"

"Can I—? Yes, of course. Eyes and broken limbs around the White House. Yes, I've seen that often. Quite common. Now here's what I want you to do, Mr. President. Stay right where you are, and in a few minutes there will be some nice men who will come over to help you. They won't hurt you. Everything is going to be all right."

2. Confusions involving the short *o* sound. Southerners tend to flatten the short *o* so that it sounds like a short *u*. The most bizarre example of this is the word *bomb*, which a Southerner invariably pronounces as *bum*.

"Hello, this is President Carter. May I speak to the Russian Ambassador?"

"Spicking, Mr. President."

"Mr. Ambassador, I think we need to sit down and have a nice quiet talk about the number of bums in your country and mine."

"The number of bums? I do not theenk I understand."

"Simple enough, Mr. Ambassador. I feel that both your country and my country have got too many bums around. We must get rid of some of them."

"Correction pliss, Mr. President. In Russia we haf no bums. Also, it is none of your business."

"Do you take me for a fool, Mr. Ambassador? Why, you have as many bums as we have. Maybe more."

"Excuse pliss. That iss capitalist lie. We haf employed our bums."

"Oh, you have employed your bums, have you? Well, then, maybe we will have to employ our bums, Mr. Ambassador. Think that one over."

3. Southern colloquialisms. For example, when a Southerner says *dinner*, he is referring to the noonday meal. When he asks somebody to *carry* him someplace, he means he wants to be transported by vehicle.

"Hello, Mr. Blumenthal, this is the President. I need to talk with you about a couple of matters, and I was wondering if we could have dinner together."

"Certainly, Mr. President. Certainly. What time would be most convenient?"

"How about twelve-thirty?"

"Twelve-thirty? You want to have dinner at *twelve-thirty*?"

"Yes. Is something wrong? Is that too early?"

"Well, uh, to tell the truth, Mr. President, it seems a wee bit too late."

"Too late? What time do you generally eat your dinner, Blum?"

"Generally about eight, Mr. President. But if that seems . . ."

"Eight? You eat your dinner at eight? Why, I eat my breakfast at eight."

"Well, I suppose you have an irregular schedule, Mr. President."

"I'd say *you* have an irregular schedule—anybody who eats dinner at eight. What on earth do you have for your dinner?"

"Why, soup, salad, entree . . ."

"At eight? Boy, a meal like that would kill me! I usually have some grits and eggs at eight. But you plan it the way you want, Blum. By the way, the White House limousines are tied up right now. Could you send a member of your staff around and have him carry me over to your office?"

"What's that? You want to be *carried* to my office?"

"If it isn't too much trouble."

"No trouble at all, Mr. President. I suppose you want some large, powerful man."

"I don't care about his size. In fact, you can carry me yourself."

"Hmmmm. I wonder, Mr. President. Wouldn't that look a bit—er—eccentric?"

"Well, now look, Blum, if you don't want . . ."

"No, no, no, Mr. President. You're the boss. If you want to be carried over here, you *will* be carried over here. But might I make a suggestion?"

"Certainly."

"How about a sedan chair?" □

Mr. Varnado is a professor of English at the University of South Alabama in Mobile.

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The Good v. the Golden

Land of the Free

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

THIS MORNING it's a lovely spring day, the sun glowing in a cool blue sky and the air caressing the tips of trees like a spark alive on an exhausted torch (head for the hills, children. Father William's prose is turning purple again; the last time this happened we called the doctor and the doctor said we should put him to bed with a poetry book and), just the perfectest, splendidest day on which to receive a letter from my old friend Jedediah Bone, who has spent the last thirty years uncomfortably convinced that the trouble with the twentieth century, the real trouble, the really real genuine ratsbane trouble with it, is that it has sold its soul to Technology, in the pointless hunt for Wealth, and has found itself Empty, suffering with the gobbywobbles and the swine acedia, yea Apathetic, yea Mindless, yea even Rootless (hey, Root! Can you hear me, down there? Root! Wake up, Root! Turn over a New Leaf!), yea Barren and Unfulfilled and Mired in the Flesh, yea Sodom, yea Gomorrah, yea yea yea. And much more to the same tune, with much cacklings and much mickle muckle muchness of gesturations, claps of thunder from the margins and the postscripta, interlineations, transpositions, knockabouts, and your usual run of trills and bombastardimenti.

It is a small man, trembling, showing me his ticket. "I'm sorry," he says, "but, sir, this *is* the train for Chicago, isn't it? See here, I have a reservation in the Economics Car, and I rather thought from your discourse that . . ."

Be of good cheer, in fact order yourself a double good cheer, friend. You arrived at the right place but you're a couple of hundred words early. These are the warm-up gigs, a hop here, a Comaneci capriole to the overhand, the quick inversion, a leg in the air, and . . .

It's a lovely day and my friend who writes long wrong letters has written again, ladling another mickle dollop of muck from his lifelong cess of economics *qua* morality play. Since it's a nicey day I have written to him a nicey nicey reply and he will think no ill of me I suppose unless he happeneth across this muddle during his waking hours (something I'm not likely to do, writing *or* reading it, suffering as I do from the plaguey somnoscription).

Harrumph. The first student has somnambulated into his chair, settling down like an arctic fox, narcissistic, omphalobleptic, indeed even omphaloskeptic (a nuance there for the hypercognoscenti to ingest with iteration commutatively [see Koestler, *passim*, and Bellow, *hassidim*, and Praise God All Ye Here Bellow]), or maybe like those everyday workaday *alltäglich* pussycats you see in the windows of pet shops and massage parlors and Carter interviews.

Economics One. All present or accounted for, sir.

I can feel the train wobbling now.

Economics is the.

The arctic narcissifox will not bite unless unprovoked. His face is hid, yea *vulpes abscondita*, aswim in the ocean of furred scurf.

When mankind lived in caves.

An ear perks up. There must be a girl back there, somewhere in the upper reaches of the cave.

Or perhaps in deference to our most recent linguistic fashion I should have said, personkind.

The ritualistic titter. The fox changes position. A word of advice: if you don't have a supple spine, don't be a fox. You'd be miserable most of the time.

Tools. Do you understand?

Forty minutes to go.

TOOLS! The difference between man and beast! All right! The difference between person and beast, then! Tools! Everything in this room is a tool we use for some purpose other than itself. The arctissic narcifox awaketh. If unprovoked?

Your pencil, your chair, the lamps in the ceilings, they are all here because they help us do some other job than staring at them as if they were works of art. But your pencil is not a work of art (p.a.c.e. *salud, pesetas, y fuerza en la delenda*, for the usual reasons, copy to Saint Clement and San Clemente).

Eco is the study of what people do to get tools, to use them, and to enjoy their fruits. This has been a paid political announcement. This station recognizes its duty to broadcast responsible statements of the opposing view. If you wish to make your opinion heard, simplywriteyournameandyouropiniontothopiniontotheditorstationpeeohbox265746-576879.

This must be Schenectady. Chicago, thou shouldst be with us at this hour! (Wordsworth.)

Silence.

I said Wordsworth. William. English Romantic poet, fourth century B.C. Traveled in the Lake Country and also in French boudoir circles, late and soon, getting and spending, but mainly getting. And William gat Sarah, and Sarah gat (surrogate), cirrostratus, Lord forgive us. There now.

TOOLS, SEE. If you don't like the way the other gentleman uses his tools, by all means curse the gentleman roundly if you will, and if you can, for the manly science of cursing is far gone in this technological age (sly, I am). But don't curse his tool!

Tool not moral. Man moral. Curse man if need be. Tool? Just a rock, a whittled thing, a shaped lump, the potter's child, the weft, the many-stringed net of the fisherman, the glow on milady's cheek, the fawncy word at the slippery moment.

The intention, the connivance, the nobility, the glory, the obloquy: these are the property of the walking radish, who makes every age as radical and rooted as any other.

Thought we'd never make it. Trains aren't what they used to be. Probably government regulation is behind it all. Gotta see Friedman, check it all out.

Oops, he's in California.

Wonder what's up in Old North. □

Mr. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report *and author of the recently published* William Rickenbacker's Savings and Investment Guide.

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Books Arts & Manners

The Authoress as Aphid

How to Save Your Own Life
By Erica Jong
Holt, 310 pp., $8.95

D. KEITH MANO

I'm treed; it irks me no end. I have to—have to—ravage Erica Jong's new book. Irksome, because this is just what Erica wanted all along: the barracuda treatment. I mean, a man and a Gentile blitzing her: oh, pogromsville and joy. Despite the hitter-chick sex, *Fear of Flying* was cute as baton-twirlers: likable, humorous, adroit. Erica expected suffering and outrage and at least one honorary FBI tap; instead she got whacking great success. Life is cruel. She'll relish this flop the way Al Goldstein secretly relishes going to Leavenworth for public lewdness. Discipline is love; American society has been too permissive. Erica, I love you: *How to Save Your Own Life* is Christ-awful. An aphid could have written it.

What we get here is Erica Jong writing a "novel" about Isadora Wing, who has written a "novel" about Candida Wong, who is really her: let that pronoun refer back where it will. "Millions of copies later, I began to wonder whether I had created Erica or whether she had, in fact, created me." And, would you believe, Erica-Isadora-Candida are still unloading their hapless Chinese husband, Wing-Wong-Jong, whom they (all-together-now) leave for a young hippie. More shameful anti-Sino atrocities haven't been committed since the Japanese invaded Manchuria. This is gratuitous and shabby stuff. If I were Mr. Jong I would have decked her long ago, or gotten out a Tong contract.

In *Fear of Flying* Isadora had charm: probably the first female Malamud character, a Jewish clown. But Isadora II takes herself so seriously: fem-lib emblem now, not shnook. "Astoundingly enough, millions of women all over the world felt exactly as Candida did." Such *tohu-bohu*, such *brouhaha* over leaving an eight-year marriage. What does she think divorce is: the siege of Troy? Isadora II verifies my MCP instinct about lady authors: that they can endure, but they can never be heroic. When Isadora leaves finally, Bennett Wing will say, "You'll never write another book as long as you live." Wing-Wong-Jong may be right. Erica has to cherish her spite against him. Marital repression (quote-unquote) was her peculiar muse.

Enthusiasm, not crankiness, is the most accurate gauge of talent. Even C+ writers can engross while being bitchy or snide. And Isadora II enthuses often: on love, on most-unforgettable author friends, on the fearsome responsibility one has to upper-case Art. Her enthusiastic writing is sump gush: a smell of sulphur dioxide in it. You want to look away: you look away so when drunk, middle-aging women striptease at a cocktail party. "Josh's vision of things was so clear, so dear. He managed to be honest in a world where no one was, where honesty itself had gone out of style." Or, re Henry Miller (disguised in her "novel" about as effectively as the Phantom is disguised), "Seeing this whimsical, elfin octogenarian (with a freckled bald dome and the antic grin of a child who's just gotten into some delicious trouble) . . ." Elfin, aaaargh. Erica writes, Lord, just like a *woman*. And that's my very best pejorative.

Better protect the flanks. Before she read Isadora II, my wife requested equal time in *NR*: a man, I was told, couldn't hope to appreciate Erica. Here's some equal time, after reading: "I like to think of myself as a feminist —hell, I always fill in the write-for-this-offer tear-outs as Ms. Mano. Erica's first book was amusing and insightful. Fun. This one is a strain. You feel poor Isadora had to go out and live a miserable three years scrabbling around for new material: an obligatory orgy, a lesbian relationship, a tacky happy(?)-ever-after with *Ladies' Home Journal* overtones. Erica may have been at the right place in *FoF*, but this time, as the self-proclaimed 'amanuensis to the Zeitgeist,' she has managed to make being a Ms. a big mstake." Bisexual ravaging in one review: what more could Erica ask for?

Worse yet, she has cheapened the art of fiction. *FoF* was attractive, yes, but it sold in pallet-loads because it was expressly autobiographical. Erica turned herself into a sideshow geek. Look, there's the woman who has to masturbate three times per day. Look, fiction (unless it can be read for *People* magazine gossip) has no contemporary relevance. Her success did just a little bit more to invalidate the novelist-imaginator. Erica Jong has clout: Holt, Rinehart, & Winston would've published anything she wrote. Even a real novel

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E. Howard Hunt *was recently paroled after spending 32 months in prison for his role in Watergate. He had retired from CIA in 1970 after 21 years' service, and is currently lecturing and writing a book about his imprisonment.* . . . **Alan L. Miller** *works for a radio station in Michigan.* . . . **Thomas Vargish** *is a professor of English at Dartmouth College.* . . . **Dale Vree** *is an NEH fellow at the Hoover Institution and book editor of the* New Oxford Review. . . . **W. Allen Wallis** *is Chancellor of the University of Rochester.*

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with, excuse the oxymoron, real imaginary characters. Literature is risk. Erica didn't accept the risk: unsurprisingly, she had no balls. Isadora may have fled her husband for a younger man, but, as far as literature is concerned, Erica Jong still fears flying. □

The Night Watch: 25 Years of Peculiar Service
By David Atlee Phillips
Atheneum, 320 pp., $9.95

THE AZALEA TRAIL GUIDE TO CIA

E. HOWARD HUNT

At the outset it seems proper to acknowledge what author David Phillips states in his book, *The Night Watch*: that we were colleagues in the Central Intelligence Agency, and worked together during the Guatemalan and Cuban political-action projects. Moreover, in my book on the Bay of Pigs, *Give Us This Day*, Phillips appears as "Knight," a capable, inspired officer whom I praise for his resourcefulness and dedication. Accordingly, I not only know Dave Phillips, but knew him professionally for over a decade, and have first-hand familiarity with some of the epochal events his book describes.

For those reasons I find it hard to understand Phillips' fabricating several episodes in which I allegedly played a role. But aside from personal irritation over manufactured dialogue, I was disappointed in his book. What I had hoped for was a serious and anecdotal analysis of the profession of intelligence. Instead, the book comes off as a chatty tour-guide to personalities and events Phillips was involved with during his quarter-century with CIA.

Phillips' pre-CIA experience as an actor gave him a particular advantage over those of us who had never trod the boards, for Dave was the best stand-up briefer, the most persuasive and articulate of all the scores of briefing officers I necessarily heard during my own decades with CIA. His deep-rooted flair for the dramatic is evident on nearly every page of *The Night Watch*, and this makes for easy reading. There is a nearly breathless quality in Phillips' style that quickly asserts itself and commands the reader's interest. Even I, who played a role in some of the incidents described, found myself carried along, half-wondering what would be the denouement of events that for years have been history.

Had Phillips produced the kind of book for which I had hoped, and of which I believe him fully capable, I think that he would have had difficulty finding a publisher. In fact, his lighthearted approach to a serious and occasionally deadly business, his moral judgments and slightly left-of-center philosophy, were apparently appropriate for a publishing climate in which CIA is generally viewed as an amoral villain, a threat to our democracy. In short, I infer that Phillips trimmed his sails to the prevailing wind. But this is not necessarily bad. One wants broad readership for a book that advocates a Central Intelligence Agency and is less critical of Agency missions than, say, a Tad Szulc or a Sy Hersh.

The author's descriptions of day-to-day Agency life in Washington and abroad are accurate, as are his accounts of CIA's Guatemalan and Cuban operations. Particularly worthwhile is Phillips' analysis of LBJ's intervention in the Dominican Republic, possibly the last time this country was able to make its policies prevail in international affairs.

The book usefully delineates the fundamental difference between intelligence *collection* and covert *action*. These national security functions used to be segregated under different Directorates in CIA, just as today there are separate Directorates for analysis and operations. Until 1954 each CIA Station was bicameral: half of the Station collected intelligence via Party penetrations, informants, and technical means, while the other half utilized and exploited the covertly acquired information. In Congress, at least, there is a detectable disposition to separate once more the collection and exploitation functions, and I believe this would be useful, though not if it means erecting yet another intelligence agency. The Director of CIA is, after all, the coordinator of the intelligence community, and can be depended upon to organize his own Agency functionally according to the demands placed upon it by the National Security Council.

PLAUDITS ARE due Phillips for his decision to organize former intelligence officers into a group which has become a sort of "truth squad" in the wake of such as Agee, Marks, and Marchetti. As point man in this effort to correct the record and publicize the Agency's truly valuable work, Dave Phillips is performing a service in the national interest that transcends his professional contributions as a CIA official. It is on the personality and appeal of articulate officers such as Phillips that the future of our national intelligence service depends. For unless the Agency can again attract well motivated and highly qualified recruits for its essential clandestine work abroad, it will wither into a dusty bureaucracy of newspaper scanners and clippers, of writers incestuously exchanging memoranda and studies with each other and with the Department of State.

Certainly the nation cannot afford to be without a national intelligence agency. Not until we have proof indisputable that the KGB has disbanded. And that is unlikely in the foreseeable future.

It is doubtful that CIA will ever recapture the halcyon days of the Dulles brothers, when a word from one to the other substituted for weeks of inter- and intra-agency debate. Meanwhile, the illegal activities of CIA, spawned in an atmosphere of cold war, have been brought to an end despite their possible utility (and I am thinking principally of surveillance of mail from Communist countries). The Agency has a new Director who, to his credit, has suggested legislation imposing criminal penalties on CIA employees and others who reveal national secrets. And the Carter Administration has announced, rather grimly, that it will, as a mat-

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ter or policy, never comment on any CIA clandestine operation.

So this is a good beginning. Meanwhile, *The Night Watch* will make its contribution by providing the public with a readable and knowledgeable account of what it is like to serve abroad, under cover, in the nation's interest. And, in so doing, it will dispel a number of malicious legends. □

Adolf Hitler
By John Toland
Doubleday, 1,035 pp., $14.95

THE CHOIRBOY

ALAN L. MILLER

Were it possible to be transported to another era, I would certainly choose Germany in the 1930s, and, considering the widespread fascination with the phenomena of Hitler and National Socialism, it seems likely that many would share my journey. For us, John Toland has written the definitive biography of possibly the most hated figure in the history of the West.

The Pulitzer Prize–winning historian was a close friend of Hitler's favorite warrior, Otto Skorzeny, commando extraordinaire, whose exploits included the daring rescue of Mussolini in a mountaintop glider raid. The SS Lieutenant Colonel's respect for Toland led to exclusive interviews with several hundred Nazi survivors, a number of whom had been members of Hitler's inner circle—unique testimony, of which Mr. Toland's research and reportorial skills allowed him to make full use.

AT THE OUTSET, Toland boldly announces *that he has no thesis!* John Toland is from the school that believes the historian should serve as a window on the past rather than a kaleidoscopic guide to the deep recesses of the psyche. Thus, those readers in search of latent perversions of the mind or spirit are advised to look elsewhere. Those in search of Adolf Hitler must begin with Mr. Toland's splendid volume, from which emerges a portrait of the quintessential true believer, whose initial failures were insufficient to temper the ardor that both confused and captivated those around him. The young Hitler was a zealot in search of a cause. It has become fashionable to dismiss him as an opportunist who stumbled upon the historical accident that catapulted him to national leadership; the author dispatches this nonsense by meticulously tracing the rise of a political genius whose cunning enabled him, in a few short years, to capture and resurrect a prostrate nation, place her enemies on the defensive, and gain for himself an unparalleled popular mandate.

Notwithstanding the mythology to the contrary, Adolf Hitler was neither mad, sexually impotent, nor perverted; neither a housepainter, a paperhanger, a Jew, nor a draft-dodger; neither addicted to drugs, deformed, nor unaware of the atrocities committed in the name of the Third Reich. But he seems all the more terrifying for his relative normality. As a boy he was an avid reader of Westerns and frequently played cowboys and Indians. He was a choirboy who later composed several plays and the libretto for an opera, and committed several Wagner operas to memory. His service record in World War I was distinguished. His magnetic attractiveness led four women to attempt suicide over him, whereas his own life was a study in self-restraint that bordered upon the puritanical. He would not countenance vices among his associates, who refrained from smoking or drinking in his presence. At one point he personally intervened in order to save Goebbels' marriage.

HIS RUTHLESSNESS has been well documented, and Toland stresses the paradox of a man who could mimic the sounds of a cannon to entertain the small son of a friend and yet commit millions of children to a grisly death. This leader, who would go to great lengths to console a secretary for a personal loss, was abruptly capable of ordering the extermination of anyone who stood in the way of the Führer's vision of a New Order.

That vision was passionately shared by his millions of followers, who were eternally grateful to him for restoring their self-respect. Too often we forget the political milieu in which Hitler operated. Germany was on the verge of collapse and was snatched from the brink of a Communist revolution by National Socialism. The resultant loss of civil liberties seemed but a small price to pay for the Phoenix-like renascence of the Fatherland. By 1937, at the peak of Hitler's popularity, his policies were endorsed by a wide range of admirers including David Lloyd-George, George Bernard Shaw, Chiang

RANDOM NOTES

■ SOME MAY TITLES: *Defending America: Toward a New Role in the Post-Detente World* (Basic, $13.95) consists of essays by such defense experts as Theodore Draper, Paul H. Nitze, Albert Wohlstetter, et al., and bears an Introduction by James R. Schlesinger. They conclude that the United States currently finds itself in a seriously disadvantaged position *vis-à-vis* the USSR. . . . Oscar Lewis' posthumously published book, called *Four Men: Living the Revolution—An Oral History of Contemporary Cuba* (University of Illinois, $15), was coauthored by Ruth M. Lewis and Susan M. Rigdon. Lewis and company interviewed four Cubans and their families in an Havana slum. Despite their liberation by Marxist slogans, the four men continue to be both racist and sexist. . . . Florence King argues in *WASP, Where Is Thy Sting?* (Stein & Day, $8.95) that WASPs have been forced into second-class citizenship. . . . Kate Millett's new book is *Sita* (Farrar, $10), about another of the author's lesbian affairs. . . . Daniel Berrigan now lives in Detroit, whence cometh the inspiration for *A Book of Parables* (Seabury Press, $7.95). Among those parables are "The Body Count of King David" and "Eve and the Bible Salesman." . . . Jules Feiffer plays havoc with the traditional mystery novel in *Ackroyd* (Simon and Schuster, $8.95). . . . *Insanity Runs in Our Family* (Doubleday, $8.95) is the title of Hal Bennett's new collection of 15 short stories.

Claude Manceron's *Twilight of the Old Order, 1774-1778: The Early Years of Louis XVI, from Louis XV's Death to the Passing of Rousseau* (Knopf, $15.95), translated by Patricia Wolf, is the first of eight volumes in a series called *The French Revolution*. . . . Stephen Birmingham's latest book is *Certain People: America's Black Elite* (Little, Brown, $8.95). . . . Carl Sagan, the astronomer, has been conducting researches into the development of the human brain, the fruit of which is a book, *The Dragons of Eden: Speculations on the Evolution of Human Intelligence* (Random House, $8.95). . . . Richard Meister and Anne Loftis—whose father was the historian Allan Nevins—have collaborated on *A Long Time Coming: The Struggle to Unionize America's Farm Workers* (Macmillan, $14.95).

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Kai-shek, Gertrude Stein (who urged that he be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize), and the National Association of German Jews.

Thereafter the magic began to desert him. Toland asserts that Hitler's violation of the Munich Accord was ominous: Czechoslovakia was bound to fall under German influence eventually; Hitler's precipitous seizure of it served only to arouse the opposition that would crystallize in response to the Polish invasion. Ironically, the calculated audacity that had served Hitler so well would prove to be his eventual undoing. Intimidated by the Führer's successful flouting of the odds, the General Staff allowed its conventional advice, which might have consolidated the early gains into a final victory, to be simply ignored. Lacking reliable allies and sufficient resources, the war machine was soon overextended and began to sputter. The world held its breath as the Nazi tide was reversed and Germany headed toward the Götterdämmerung that was its inevitable fate once it was proven unworthy of its destiny in the eyes of the Führer, who remained convinced to the end that his policies were correct.

Hitler promised that his Reich would endure for a thousand years. Considering the magnitude of the Nazi epoch and the charismatic legacy of its leader, the story of Hitler's Germany will compel the attention of the master storytellers for centuries to come. They will be greatly indebted to the labors of John Toland, who stands as a giant amidst a regrettably diminishing body of narrative historians. □

The Collapse of Liberal Empire: Science and Revolution in the Twentieth Century
By Paul N. Goldstene
Yale University Press, 139 pp., $10

WORST OF BREED

DALE VREE

Paul N. Goldstene teaches political science at Cal State University, Sacramento. He writes as a political theorist —indeed, one of the worst of the breed. Political theorists—I know because I'm one myself—are the dinosaurs of the political science profession. They might not be extinct, but they are pretty definitely an endangered species. At a time when political science aspires to the precision and rigor for which natural science is known, the old-fashioned theorists lumber along in awkward fashion pursuing the Weighty Idea, the Big Insight. Whereas political scientists all too often tailor their topics of inquiry to fit the constraints of their methodologies—and consequently come up with verifiable claims about minute, indeed trivial, matters—the glory of the theorist is that he is mandated to probe the "perennial issues," the issues that really count in life: What is justice? What is the good society? What does it all mean? No, political theory is not obsolete; it's just hard, very hard to do. The beauty of political theory is that when it is done well it is immune to the obsolescence that shadows even the best work in science. Who honestly believes that such theorists as Plato, St. Augustine, or Machiavelli are obsolete?

The trouble with the book under consideration is that it is bad theory. The Big Insight forever eludes the author. He has written a book about current American politics, but that is not the problem either. Contrary to what some behaviorists may think, there is no reason why a theorist cannot address himself to empirical phenomena—but if he does, he is obliged to marshal empirical evidence of some kind. The evidence need not be quantitative; but simply to rest content, as Goldstene does, with the piling of abstraction upon abstraction will never do—certainly not when political science has advanced to the state where there is an abundance of information at the fingertips of even the most "humanistic" theorist.

Goldstene says—without noticeable embarrassment—that his book is "an attempt to formulate a theory of change which *might* have empirical application to the United States . . ." (italics mine). One can turn to virtually any page and find bald assertions like this one: "Americans increasingly do not believe what they hear and read." That is clearly an empirical claim—but no evidence of any kind is offered. Yes, the claim *might* have "empirical application"—that is, it might be true—but then again it might not be. Better, I'd say, to get some facts *before* writing a book. Not even political theorists can shirk that responsibility, for theory (especially empirically oriented theory) without evidence is blind. The only people who will be convinced by Goldstene's assertions are those already convinced. Actually, I don't know whether more and more Americans do not believe what they hear and read, but I'd sure like to find out. The weakness of much political theory is that the theorist passes off statements about himself as statements about the external world. One thing I do feel confident of is that Paul Goldstene believes less and less of what he hears and reads. But theory entails more than autobiography. I'm also confident that if I read many more books like this one *I'm* going to be believing less and less of what I hear and read. Not a pleasant thought.

ACCORDING to the dustjacket, Henry Kariel (widely known among fellow political theorists for his service to the cause of Higher Obfuscation) finds this book "engaging," but "cryptic." No criticism intended, I'm sure. But zounds! If even Henry Kariel finds this book cryptic, then I feel assured my judgments are not unduly harsh.

Although I cannot ascertain whether Goldstene is telling us truth in this book, some of his assertions are nonetheless interesting. He begins by telling us that Americans are essentially a liberal people—not a conservative people, not a democratic people. The current travails of America are, therefore, travails of liberalism. America, he claims, is in transition from capitalism to a science-oriented post-industrial society, and at issue is whether the best of liberalism will survive the transition. Although not always careful to distinguish nineteenth century liberalism from twentieth century liberalism, Goldstene does insist that liberalism is inherently elitist and that opposition to popular democracy "saturates the entire liberal tradition." Although a critic of liberalism, Goldstene apparently finds this elitism congenial, for more than once he casts aspersions on average Ameri-

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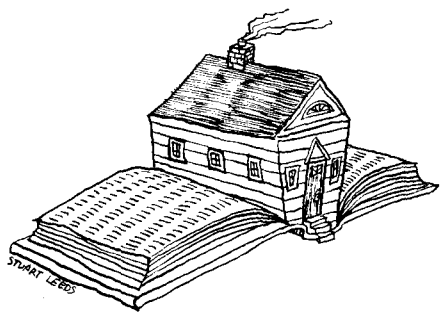
cans, finding them "gross in behavior and prejudice." The varieties of conservatism are ignored, for we learn that American conservatives are "always ready to employ enormous and uncontrolled power." Furthermore, "those in power prefer ignorance and poverty as techniques of maintaining the social vestiges of a declining imperial system."

For Goldstene, liberalism requires balance (or "pluralism") in the polity. But with the emergence of technocratic, monopolistic capitalism, the "owners and salesmen of America" reign supreme without anyone to balance them. Yet Goldstene sees hope—not in organized labor (which has become a "cacophony of 'business unions' "), not in the silent majority (which consists of "power blocs of ignorance")—but in university-based science, what John Kenneth Galbraith called the "technostructure." Goldstene waxes optimistic about the alienation endured by the rich, which he sees as a "revolutionary force." He finds affluence itself to be a "revolutionary power," and, candidly elitist, he wants these revolutionary impulses to come under the "paternalistic" leadership of science. Indeed, a power struggle between science and "the acquisitive personnel of the modern corporation" is already well under way—which, he hopes, will eventuate in a new balance or the outright triumph of science.

Whichever it is to be, "revolution" is on the agenda. The revolution is to be a consequence of affluence, not poverty, and the revolutionary class will be the scientists, not the workers. Says Goldstene: "Marx conceives of the proletariat as the catalyst of revolution precisely because it is vital to the characteristic production of the capitalist stage, the basic production that all other production depends upon . . . it is inherently organized by the organization of work itself, and is finally alienated by the domination of a class which robs it of the yield of its own productivity and the power of and over its own labor. These are the factors . . . which increasingly describe the scientific establishment in the modern world." Goldstene assumes that the common people will follow the scientists (allied with "the young" and many of the rich) because in America "opportunity is in absolute retreat"—a critical proposition Goldstene, true to form, never bothers to document but enjoys repeating over and over again. Marx thought the emancipation of the working class would emancipate mankind; but Goldstene believes this function will be performed by science, for science (although an establishment) is somehow "inherently egalitarian"—leading me to suspect that Goldstene doesn't know much about the structure of science. To cap it off, if you won't buy Goldstene's theory, you just may be a lackey of fascism, for if science fails in its messianic mission, America



"will follow the Nazi and Fascist predilection to devour the roots of its own continuation."

The ultimate irony of this book is that, while trumpeting the gospel that "the foundation of the modern era is scientific," it is written in flagrant disregard of the elementary procedures of (social) science. Our supposed emancipators will never give a book like this the time of day. Happy thought. □

Essays on Hayek
Edited by Fritz Machlup
New York University Press, 182 pp., $10

SALUT!

W. ALLEN WALLIS

Would time spent reading this book be better spent reading the works of Hayek himself? That the answer is not immediately and obviously "yes" is a tribute which shows the difference between this collection and the many comparable ones. The essays are, of course, not *by* Hayek, but they are all really *about* Hayek: the authors all stick to the subject, rather than using Hayek as a peg on which to hang whatever essays they happened to have on a back burner when they received invitations to a symposium on Friedrich August von Hayek, 1974 Nobel Laureate in economics, at a meeting of the Mont Pelerin Society in August 1975. Not only, indeed, do they stick to the subject, they quote liberally from him. Together, they offer a broader appreciation of Hayek's works than could be obtained from the same amount of time reading those works. (On the other hand, no essay or book by someone else can convey the quality of Hayek's thought, scholarship, and style as well as would any one of his own essays, much less a collection of them as large as this volume.)

Milton Friedman, in his Foreword, provides an excellent summary of the book's contents: "George Roche . . . sets the stage with a penetrating discussion of the implications of Hayek's work for the 'moral and spiritual underpinnings of the free society.' . . . Fritz Machlup surveys Hayek's contributions to economics proper in his typical perceptive, encyclopedic, and lucid fashion. Arthur Shenfield introduces the reader elegantly to Hayek's forays into methodology, and into the sources of some of the threats to freedom that have been generated by writings labeled 'social science.' Max Hartwell considers the role that historians have played in portraying a distorted picture of the achievements and problems of capitalism. The irrepressible, omnipresent, William F. Buckley Jr., takes Hayek's famous polemic, *The Road to Serfdom*, as a starting point for an examination of the appeal of socialism to the intellectuals, not neglecting the contribution of businessmen to the undermining of a free society. Gottfried Dietze ranges over Hayek's contributions to the analysis of the political structure requisite to a free society, with special stress on Hayek's profound distinction between an imposed order and an order that develops without conscious intention out of the voluntary interaction of individuals. And as a final *pièce de résistance*, Shirley Letwin gives a subtle and sophisticated survey of the achievement of Hayek . . ."

The two longest essays are Machlup's on "Hayek's Contribution to Economics" and Dietze's on "Hayek and the Rule of Law." These are thoroughgoing pieces of scholarship that provide excellent surveys of Hayek's work in economics and political philosophy. They are accessible to the general reader but they deserve hard study and, in fact, probably are destined to become assigned reading for a good many graduate students for years to come.

This is a valuable volume. Those who accept Hayek's views will want to read it. Those who do not, ought to. □

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THEATER

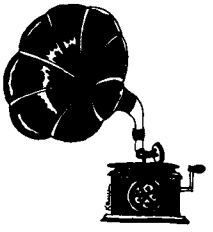
MARK TWAIN LAST NIGHT

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

No Dogs Allowed in the Dress Circle.

A trombone player was engaged, but is unreliable and should not be expected.

The lights go down and Mr. Mark Twain, the celebrated Christian novelist and publicist, dressed like a white whale and blowing off smoke like a steamboat, walks slowly onto the stage with the broken-kneed shamble of an old man. Also on stage are a few Victorian artifacts, grouped together on a rosy Persian rug: a plush-seated, high-backed mahogany throne resembling the Old Executive Office Building in Washington; a table supporting several books, a water-pitcher, and a couple of glasses; and a lectern appropriated from the heirs of a Chautauqua orator. The white suit gleams like Moby Dick's hide and Mr. Twain's left hand works the inside of his coat pocket like a jack-hammer as he invites his audience to appreciate his "majestic presence"—"I was born modest but it wore off."



Mr. Twain is in fact not especially modest but he is not a vain man either, and the *bons mots* and assorted selections from the corpus of his writings, as arranged for him by his *valet de chambre*, Mr. Hal Holbrook, a thespian from California, are delivered without a trace of self-consciousness, albeit with cunning artifice. Twain's conversation sticks pretty much to the themes of which his written *œuvre* is composed, but there is a tonal difference: his astringent remarks on religion, temperance, congressmen, reformers, Civilization, and mankind—especially mankind—transmit via the spoken word a sly mellowness that the printed page, less apt for conveying a broad spectrum of overtones, does not always suggest. He twangs his words, after dipping them in the muddiness of Mississippi waters. You might be listening to a "Muhszooruh" Negro who hasn't yet slapped the make on his comic routine and taken it to the neon boulevards of Las Vegas.

Mr. Twain is elderly and has not written anything of late. He spends most of his time nowadays at a spa in Utah where he is maintained at a low temperature in quasi-hibernation alongside of rejuvenating film stars. Yet not only is his material as fresh as it was when he paraded it on the lecture circuit in the Gilded Age, it can be seen in retrospect to have been the inspiration during the intervening decades for the increasingly pre-packaged and generally embarrassing American stand-up comedy routine.

Exempli gratia, Mr. Twain has worked up a most entertaining skit about being interviewed back in the 1870s or thereabouts by a newspaper reporter. Twain, it appears, was set upon by this cub and cornered in his hotel room when his symptoms was not sagatiatin' and he was feeling slow on his feet. Thus he decided to have a bit of fun with the reporter. "May I ask how old you are, sir?" "Nineteen. [*Long pause.*] In June." "Why the Lord save us! You don't look but forty." "Thank you very much." (As Mr. Twain does not speak exactly according to the book and as he alters his lines a bit every night, I can't swear that I've got these particular lines down precisely as he spoke them.) It transpires that the great author is uncertain even of his own identity: as infants he and his twin brother were playing in the bathtub, and one of them drowned —the one with the mole on his elbow, which was him. . . . As the reader will perceive at once, this sort of *shtick* plays nightly along the ganglia of the Borscht Belt and is received by electronic arpeggios from the laugh track. But in Mr. Twain's mouth the stuff works. He is, as he ever was, a master of dramatic timing. If he ever threw away a line it was because on closer inspection it turned out to be a piece of the True Cross. Mr. Twain's catfish elegance is the wolfsbane of city slickness.

Mr. Holbrook works diligently to keep Mr. Twain's show up to date. Twain wrote so much and so extensively that his books can be endlessly, and fruitfully, mined for smokily relevant lumps of prose. So on the very day of Secretary of State Vance's embarkation for Moscow and the SALT II negotiations, Mr. Twain observes: "I hear they're going to make war impossible any day now." And at a time when a sizable portion of the New York citizenry remains indignant over France's release of the Palestinian commando who allegedly had a hand in the Munich killings in 1972, Mr. Twain remarks—presumably at the prompting of Mr. Holbrook—that there is nothing on this earth lower than mankind, "*except the French.*" This got a terrific hand from the house, as did the frequent animadversions against Washington, D.C., "that stud farm for jackasses."

THERE IS nothing wrong with a little trendiness, of course: today as seventy years ago there is a case to be made for a conservationist President shooting a senator instead of a grizzly. But as the evening wore on I became increasingly convinced that in this welter of relevance only Mr. Twain was finding the joke. As he shuffled to and fro across the stage, blasting away like some Mysterious Stranger upon his sulphurous cigar and taking pot-shots at a country where an anarchist who shoots his brains out gets sent to Congress, at Anglo-Saxon imperialism, at the professionalization of Reform, at "Christian Civiliza-a-a-tion"; and as the audience's approval rebounded off the walls, the naughty suspicion began to form in my mind that, as far as the recorded political opinions of Mark Twain are concerned, relevance is bunk. Here was old Mark, prancing stiff-leggedly around and reminiscing about his youthful days in Virginia City and the Sandwich Islands, reviling as he did so that Yankee Christian civilization whose technological knowhow he so strongly admired (think of *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court*) and yet whose encroachments upon a cantankerous, ribald, unfettered frontier society he deeply resented. Yet what do audiences today make of that resentment?

I myself would bet that New York audiences, at any rate, find in Twain's crustiness confirmation of their own post-civilized Weltschmerz: the contempt of a people for a society with which they have grown bored and petulant, as opposed to the orneriness of a river-boat pilot suspicious of the world of Diamond Jim Brady. Does your contemporary urban sophisticate and thea-

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tergoer really share the loathing that Huck Finn felt for the professional reformer? I surely doubt it. I think he yearns for a reformer who is himself more sophisticated, who could build you a day-care center that would outclass St. Petersburg's temperance tavern as the cruise missile outclasses Francis Scott Key's rocket. I think he wants to take a U.S. Representative, blow his brains out, and send him to the Senate a Communist.

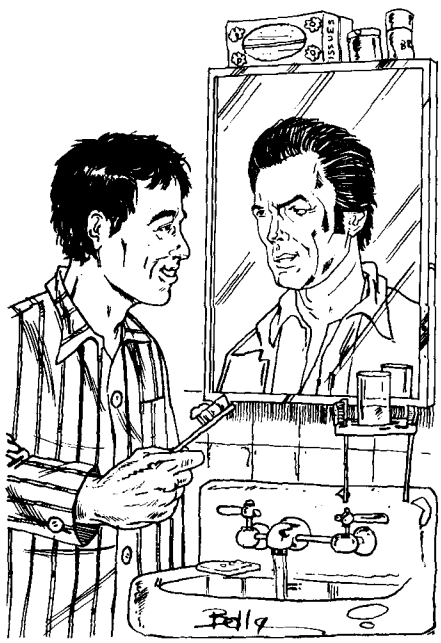
Mr. Twain's pessimism, in short, is not of the modern variety. Twain was disillusioned with Man; your typical literatus of today is disillusioned with "this society." While Mr. Twain was pretty rough on the society of his own heyday, he was rougher still on the goddamned human race—which race has been self-appropriated in the years since his hibernation and God's death as its own inspiration. But old Mark, as I say, was wiser. Like most humorists he was at bottom a moralist, but he was a moralist who could not see his way clear to making any moral equation work out right. Moral ironies race through the volumes of his work like drunken prospectors clobbering one another on the rush to the Big Rock Candy Mountain. At the time when Mr. Twain abandoned himself to hibernation he was still funny, but he was also sick at heart. Yet he didn't leave behind any tips for the Institute for Policy Studies; and he isn't offering any today, either. □

ON THE SCREEN

GOOD GUYS

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Since movie audiences generally like to "identify" with characters, it is instructive to look at film heroes now and then. Working-class heroes tend to be the Clint Eastwood type, strong and silent, each of whose blunt words issues from impacted character, which pretty much means physical courage. By his willingness to lay himself on the line, often risking death, he shows up the evasive middle-class verbalists for whom he does the dirty work. The villain he chases down and kills is the drug-crazed sadist or the unappeasable fanatic or the utterly cynical predator.



The lesson is that the bottom line of social order is a certain irreducible amount of violence, and that's where Eastwood's Dirty Harry comes in. He never questions the value of social order: it means, simply, the protection of the weak: and if he curses the weaselly politicians at the top of that order, it is because they have betrayed their trust. In the latest Dirty Harry film, *The Enforcer*, Harry (Callahan, by the way) actually roughs up a priest—who has been gullibly sheltering a gang of phony revolutionaries. There are no real revolutionaries in Harry's world, nor any reformers; how could there be? His time horizons are short, futurity is bleak or unreal, and the only genuine social imperative is securing a little permanence. Those who talk about grandiose improvements are ignoring the palpable dissolution around them. They are stupid, fraudulent, or gutless, and their verbal artifices serve only to block out reality.

The respectable popular movie—the kind that gets reviewed in *Time* or *Newsweek* less as a discrete work of art than as an installment in a cultural serial—has a different kind of hero. Though descended from the dumb brute disaffection of Marlon Brando's prime, he is himself a verbalist, also in rebellion against his superiors, but set off from them less by his courage than by his sense of irony. While they assume the legitimacy of social conventions, institutions, and appearances, he knows it all for the corruption and hypocrisy it is. Jack Nicholson, the freestyle smart ass, came along at a time propitious for open cynicism; his electric, rather mean charm conceals the moral complacency of his screen persona, who moves from bedding women to belting them without ever going on the defensive ethically, because all his sensational pleasures are kept subordinate to his mission of battling the powers that be. He is the Life Force, whom society resists and oppresses, but never supports.

Robert Redford is a different case: the all-American boy who has been deserted by America. For a while he was romantic lead to such as Barbra Streisand and Paul Newman, but he has lately hit his stride by accommodating his roles to his personal political passions. In *Three Days of the Condor* he played a public-spirited CIA operative who found that the Agency was trying to do him in. Then he teamed up with Dustin Hoffman to investigate the Watergate caper in *All the President's Men*. (They worked for the *Post*; in *Condor* Redford saved himself from death by going to the *Times*. America still has a few humane and supportive institutions.)

HOFFMAN went his own way in *Marathon Man*, playing a scruffy little shlemiel whose moral pedigree lay in his being at once a) a Jew, b) an academician, and c) the son of a victim of McCarthyism. He found that meticulously groomed Nazis like Laurence Olivier and Marthe Keller were still at large, smuggling, murdering, and torturing. The Nazis we have always with us; Hollywood wouldn't dream of having a Communist villain. Woody Allen played a similarly virtuous sad-sack in *The Front*, wherein Jewish good guys were persecuted by McCarthyism; the film culminated dramatically in Allen's delivering an obscenity to the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Hollywood's newest heroine is Lillian Hellman, whom Jane Fonda will impersonate in *Julia*. If not the apotheosis of Stalinism, what we are seeing is the apotheosis of those accused of Stalinism, never mind whether justly. As an indignant Irish parliamentarian once roared: "Half the lies our enemies tell about us aren't true!"

The hero of *Black Sunday* is Robert Shaw, last spotted entering a shark. The film concerns an attempt to use the Goodyear blimp to blow up the Super Bowl, and Miss Keller appears

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as a Palestinian terrorist with a German accent—you know the type. The film is anti-terrorist, but not necessarily pro-Super Bowl. Richard Schickel of *Time* credits director John Frankenheimer with achieving "a nice but not overstated analogy between the meaningless violence of the game itself and the larger, equally meaningless violence impending from above." (If political terrorism and pro football are "meaningless" violence, I wonder what the opposite would be.) Penelope Gilliatt of *The New Yorker* observes that "the crowd scenes below are so frantic that they have the curious and obviously desired effect of putting one on the side of the loner desperadoes"; the film subtly satirizes Our football frenzy, Our "national worship of grooming" (Miss Keller "wears impeccable white slacks while she is using a machine gun"), and Our patriotism: the villain, Bruce Dern, is a sickie all right, but he got that way in Vietnam. Miss Gilliatt goes on: "At a deeper level *Black Sunday* is considerably sophisticated and skeptical about jingoism, and its sympathies are all with the doubting Israeli assassin," Shaw. He is a liberal's Dirty Harry.

He is "not so much an Israeli"—though that doesn't hurt—"as anyone who is in a more subtle and uncertain state of mind than a terrorist." Or a football fan. Or a Catholic: "Anyone who has ever disliked airport-shop Virgin Marys [there must be millions of us] will take pleasure [!] in the fact that the necessary colossal load of explosives is brought into the country disguised as ten thousand Madonna figurines of the kind common in New York taxis." Miss Gilliatt is evidently a woman of visceral enjoyments.

Ah, the precious jingoism of doubt! Save the Super Bowl if you must, but not without refined qualms! "You are idle, shallow things: I am not of your element," says Miss Gilliatt's prototype, Malvolio. Frankenheimer, refining the genre of the alienated thriller, has shrewdly arranged a circuit of symbols to light her little filament. Harry Callahan would pitch her right out the window, and Frankenheimer with her. □

DELECTATIONS

RUSTIC CHIVALRY

NIKA HAZELTON

There are people who know how to give pleasure to others and, what's more, who want to. The ones I've been lucky to know were and are modest people, who shy away from thanks; I am thinking in particular of a man and his family who do not want to have their names mentioned here. I am also thinking of friends who are no longer with us, but whose memory remains shining and lovely, and a consolation in life.

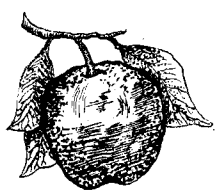
H. V. Kaltenborn and his wife Olga had a house quite far out of New York, on one of the numerous bays of Long Island's North Shore, where I used to live with my family. He was *the* journalist of his generation, a man whose radio broadcasts were a national landmark, and who knew everybody who mattered in the whole world. I don't think any present-day journalist has remotely the influence H. V. Kaltenborn enjoyed in his lifetime.

THE KALTENBORNS' house was a white country house, extremely comfortable, not very large, and furnished as a country house should be. It stood on a fair amount of land, which had been left in a charmingly wild state—pines growing out of a sandy soil dominated the landscape. Here the Kaltenborns entertained people from all over the world, and here they had perfected a way of entertaining their friends that I still think one of the most delightful—an opinion shared by all who came to the Kaltenborns' on Sunday mornings during the good season.

HV was a tall, energetic man who adored sports and games and was good at all of them; he and his wife played strenuous tennis into their eighties. He had constructed on his land a pavilion with two ping-pong tables, a croquet ground, and a place to play quoits, and he kept a small sailboat near the bathing shed. On Sunday mornings, around 10:30 or so, all of us friends of the Kaltenborns' who lived in the neighborhood would turn up with our children for a morning's exercise and play. What we played at was *our* choice, and we played for as long as we liked. HV was fiercely competitive, especially at croquet; I remember the glorious games, full of the most intricate cheating on all sides, and I also remember that HV did what nobody had ever done before or since: he talked my husband into playing croquet.

Since all games were played most energetically, one was also allowed respites of swimming or walking in the woods. I can still see the dappled sunshine of those spring and early summer days, the thick roots of the pines sticking out of the sand, the wild flowers—and Olga Kaltenborn coming out to call us for drinks before lunch. Olga was very beautiful, and all of her friends agreed that she had the prettiest manners of any woman they'd ever known. On the terrace in front of the house, a big round table was set with drinks and, later, lunch. After lunch everybody went home, and there was still the rest of Sunday left over to do things in: the present of time added to the pleasures of the party.

The Kaltenborn party to end all parties was the one his children gave him for his eightieth birthday. It was held outdoors on the Fourth of July. It had to be outdoors because hundreds and hundreds of people were invited, and came; I can't remember the figure, but it must have been seven or eight hundred or even more, spread over the property, playing games, swimming, sailing, talking, listening to a small band.



The feeding of these multitudes was a triumph of organization accomplished by Anais and Rolf, HV's children. The food was dispensed from the many carts that had been placed strategically here and there. There was beer, and soft drinks for the children; hot dogs, beans, and relish; and watermelon and cookies for dessert, all to be consumed at one's leisure. I remember sitting with a group of friends at the water's edge, eating and dangling our feet in the water, and thinking how delicious this felt on a hot day.

But the Kaltenborns' concern for their friends was expressed in more than good parties. I know of many whom first Olga and HV, then their children, helped spiritually and materially to get through difficult times. I was undergoing a difficult period in my

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life in those days, and I shall never cease to be grateful to both HV and Olga for talking to me for hours, for helping me as you might a child but not a grown-up. I was proud of their friendship, then as now. God rest their souls. □

ANGLING

THE BRUTE

THOMAS VARGISH

Vermont trout fishing season opened on Saturday, April 9. It was not a big day for me. I did not spend the preceding weeks preparing my equipment. I lost no sleep the night before. I did not get up early. I did not have an elaborate plan for where to go and when to go there. I considered not going at all. The reason behind all these negatives is one more negative: over the past ten years, opening days (which in my childhood meant the beginning of spring and over which I lost lots of sleep indeed) have been duds. I mean I took few, or no, trout. And for me (unlike for those of my fellow sportsmen I *read* about) the excitement of trout fishing remains closely bound up with the actual taking of trout.

This heretical admission leads me to go all the way and confess that I am no longer a fanatic and never have been an expert trout fisherman. I am, however, not without credentials in the sport. I have practiced it all my life. I am competent in most legal methods, and I do it (judging always by yield) rather better than most. (This is not really very difficult: five years ago a survey showed that one legal trout, a small one, was creeled every 3.2 hours on the Batten Kill.)

But beyond its pleasant and challenging familiarity, trout fishing contains for me surprises out of all proportion to the time I spend at it. I became aware of this last spring on the first morning (not opening day) I took trout that year. I had taken three average rainbows (on spinners, let me whisper it) and one fine brook (or was it a brown?). As I tried to unhook the last fish I noticed, in the midst of my triumph, that my hands were shaking. This surprised me. From time to time I have to speak before large and even mildly hostile audiences and my hands don't shake. They do not shake when I sign alimony checks. I was not calm, but they did not shake when I received an unexpected phone call from the Internal Revenue Service. The fact is, although I can get plenty nervous, my hands don't shake. Except when I'm catching trout.

From this I deduce that in my case the excitement involved is of a peculiarly visceral kind, a kind not found elsewhere. Hiking gets me "away from it all"; tennis and chess provide release from some social constraints by substituting their own still more mysteriously arbitrary ones; the hearth is more sacred than the stream; and I like my work. What does trout fishing have to offer, what is present in that excitement, that is missing from the rest?

I THINK I KNOW the answer to my own question and I think it has an applicability with a pretty wide range. But before I suggest it (and other predators will already have guessed), I want to enter a demurrer. To those who claim they do go trout fishing to get away from it all, or because it gets them "closer to nature," or because the aesthetic of casting a long line and dropping a perfect fly attracts them irresistibly, or even because they enjoy the sporting fellowship, I make no answer. I only say that such motives, as motives, have almost nothing to do with my case because as I see it they have almost nothing to do with taking trout.

An extreme example of what my experience forces me to regard as peripheral refinement appeared in *The New York Times Magazine* last spring by a writer who knows a hundred times what I know about the *art* of trout fishing. He said that "true trouters" believe the fish to be "too valuable to be taken from the stream." "True trouters," it appears, "release the catch gently so that it can be caught again—no matter how fond they may be of *truite sautée meunière*." I believe this, but with an effort. Nothing is more alien to my own instinct than to release a trout of edible size. Perhaps I took up the sport at too early an age. At any rate, the four trout I caught that day last spring came home with me. I cleaned them myself and fried them in butter. I'm very fond of them that way.

An interesting argument could be developed over the question of which of us is the barbarian—the "true trouter" or your humble servant. But I lack the space to be disingenuous. Clearly when it comes to trout fishing I am the barbarian. Elsewhere I force varying measures of civilization upon myself. When I play tennis I am constantly saying "sorry" or "hard luck." Chess exercises a tyranny over my diplomatic skills. People who work with me expect me to be fair-minded, understanding, or at least polite. I have learned that a measure of restraint is essential to the organization of my home life. Even hiking has its etiquette. Now the "true trouter," I gather, wants more of the same. He is even polite to the trout, releasing it gently so that it can repeat the ritual (an elegant mannerism, really) with some other equally cultivated opponent. Not me. I regard this as one renewable action of my life where I don't have to be nice to anything. Those fish do not call me to perform one more arabesque in the total choreography of my civility. Nothing doing. My trout streams are small stretches where I can in my small way pursue something without apology, small stretches where I get to play for keeps. And what about the trout? I've already said it. They're delicious. □

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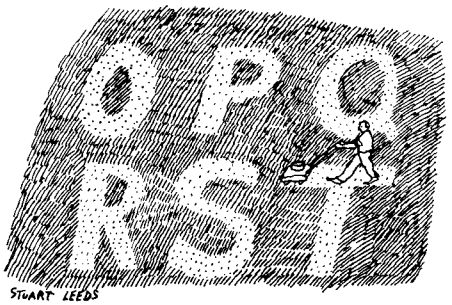
BOOKS IN BRIEF

GOSSIP FROM THE FOREST, *by Thomas Keneally (Harcourt, 220 pp., $8.95).* Taking a bold idea and executing it with precision and brilliance, Keneally has vividly rendered those gloomy days leading up to the signing of the 1918 armistice at Compiègne, France. Although it is a novel, written mostly in dialogue, the book offers penetrating historical insight into the World War I era as well as into the character of those obstinate Europeans who met in a misty forest to negotiate (using the term loosely) an end to the shooting. There was old Marshal Foch, the imperious, tidy-living Frenchman whose central motive was seeing Germany squirm; Britain's Admiral Wemyss, whose narrow devotion to the Royal Navy practically blinded him to events on the Continent, not to mention their cataclysmic significance; and poor old Matthias Erzberger, the social and political climber who rose up through the Reichstag all the way to this dramatic assignment, an assignment that he feared—correctly, it turned out—would lead to his destruction. Just as Foch and Wemyss were the great victors in the war, so were they the victors at this charade as they trampled over the hapless Erzberger and his vanquished nation. It's easy to become just a little incensed, but this is no morality play; it's a study of personality, motive, and human interaction at the vortex of great events. What's more, it conveys a haunting sense of the tragedy of Europe in the twentieth century, a tragedy that is still unfolding but was vividly symbolized by the events of World War I. This book is a literary—and historical—success, and it deserves some attention; alas, more than it seems to be getting. But what can one reasonably expect? It's tough these days, what with the competition from such literary lights as Spiro Agnew and John Ehrlichman.

ROBERT W. MERRY

FATHERLAND OR PROMISED LAND: *The Dilemma of the German Jew, 1893-1914, by Jehuda Reinharz (University of Michigan, 328 pp., $12.95).* How do you live on the rim of a volcano? Optimistically—but with packed bags. German Jewry, which secured political rights between 1869 and 1871 and was banished, then exterminated, between 1933 and 1945, spent the last 75 years of its nearly two-thousand-year history with its eyes half-shut, peeking through its fingers into oblivion. This brilliant and definitive account asks exactly the right question: How did the doomed community perceive its situation? "Which was the real Germany, the Germany of emancipation or the Germany of the antisemites? and, If *Deutschtum* is inherently antisemitic, could a Jew participate in it?" Two organizations emerged in the period under study: the Central Association of German Citizens of the Jewish Faith, and the Zionist Union of Germany. Their names tell the story. One took the sane and rational view that the unthinkable is not to be thought. The other took at face value irrationality and insanity—the blaming of the Jews for everything that troubled people, whether empty pews, or materialism, or a depression, or a headache. The former relied on logic and law. The latter perceived logic as but a thin veneer over chaos and barbarism. The one lived in the nineteenth century, the other in the twentieth. Only Hitler resolved the dilemma of the German Jew. Reinharz' book records the bitter story in a first-class work of historical research.

JACOB NEUSNER

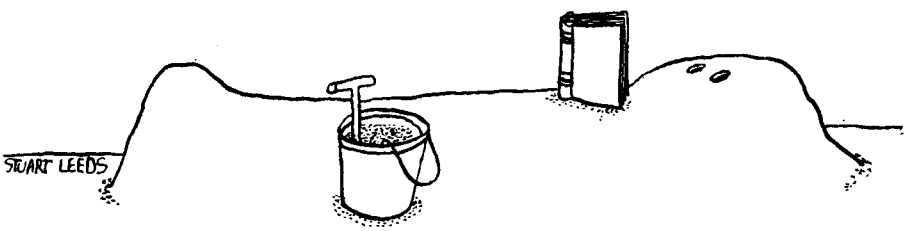


TERRORISM: *From Robespierre to Arafat, by Albert Parry (Vanguard, 624 pp., $17.50).* The record of mankind's degeneration—the distinction of our race being that it is the only creation of our universal Maker given to indulging in gratuitous slaughter—makes for horrifying reading, most of all when we come to our own depressing century. Professor Parry—who is capable of absorbing masses of material and then, with a deft hand, presenting the whole in graceful, easily readable prose—carries us quickly through antiquity into a masterful exposition and analysis of fanaticism manifested through terrorism from the late eighteenth up to the late twentieth century. Countering the Mao-olatry of the major American media outlets, Parry, himself a refugee from Soviet Russian terror, makes it plain that he accepts the researches of Professor Richard L. Walker, a man whose grim statistics on Red China's savagery are often dismissed because of his acknowledged conservatism. "Facts are facts," Parry writes; "and . . . the sources cited by [Walker] are not alone Red China's own boasts anent this terror and Radio Moscow's indignation on the subject (the red kettle calling the red pot black), but also such liberal American newspapers as the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* of the pre-euphoria years, when the awful truth about Mao's terror was not as yet swept under the beautiful rugs of the banquet halls." After which Parry carries us to our home-grown idealist/terrorists of the late Sixties and the Seventies, and to the Middle Eastern terror made possible because "oil is the supreme source of power today." Arafat and his spiritual brothers, as well as others who in our day translate their zeal into murderous exercises, come firmly into Parry's grasp—"the sacrificers," he calls them. In fact, just name a significant example of contemporary terrorist primitivism and you will find that Parry has it neatly described. And analyzed—for the book absorbs all this misery and offers tentative but persuasive conclusions, chilling to any reader who will abandon the Pollyanna mentality our forgetful age would inflict on him. This may well be *the* definitive book on terrorism; it is, in any case, essential reading.

DAVID BRUDNOY

THE ADVENTURES OF CONAN DOYLE: *The Life of the Creator of Sherlock Holmes, by Charles Higham (Norton, 368 pp., $9.95).* Like some character out of the pages of his fiction, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle held the public's eye for nearly four decades as a compelling figure in his own right, not just as the creator of Sherlock Holmes, Brigadier Gerard, and Professor Challenger. Knighted for his spirited defense of British policy in South Africa; tested under Boer fire himself; the unraveler of the real-life Edalji and Slater murder cases; suburban amateur sportsman; Arctic explorer; candidate for Parliament; a force for colonial reform; literary titan; and practicing physician—Conan Doyle was as fascinating as any of his creations, and Charles Higham easily surpasses the standard that was set by John Dickson Carr's earlier biographical portrait of Doyle. Among other things, he gives us a fascinating rundown of the inspirations for nearly every one of the Holmes tales. And with all of this he retains his critical eye, and shows us the less pleasant side of Doyle as well: his avid jingoism, his unspeakable behavior toward the wronged Slater after his release, the silliness of the crusade for spiritualism he waged in the last decade and a half of his life. The result is an unusually deft portrait of this contradictory and paradoxical individual, this dynamo who placed large portions of himself into each of those antipodal characters, Holmes and Watson.

DAVID A. PIETRUSZA



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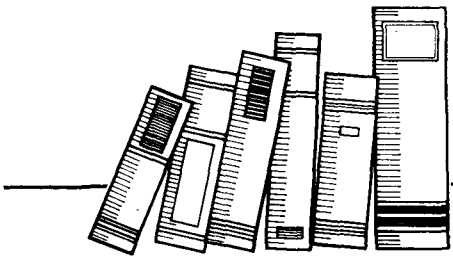

Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

ONE OF THE things we were told about Vietnam was that if the place went under to the Communists, there would be an orgy of recriminations, of the sort that followed the fall of China. Regrettably, this has not occurred.

That it should occur, and at the earliest possible moment, is the theme of Louis Fanning's *Betrayal in Vietnam* (Arlington House, $8.95). Professor Fanning, who teaches history at the State University of New York in Farmingdale, gives us a blow-by-blow chronology of the disaster in Indochina, as liberal Democrats of the Kennedy-Johnson period marched us into a no-win war, increased the level of U.S. forces on the treadmill, then washed their hands of the whole affair as public opinion tired of endless combat and upheaval on the homefront.

Fanning has some withering things to say about the Vietnik demonstrators of the era and about the confusions of Henry Kissinger, but his most cutting remarks are aimed at members of the Senate dovecote (Fulbright, McGovern, Javits, Bayh, etc.) who in the middle Sixties made grandiloquent noises about opposing Communism in Vietnam but a decade later refused to vote the funds required to let our allies defend themselves. His chronicle of the final months in which the Senate liberals tightened the noose around the Thieu regime's neck is grim indeed.

But wasn't it just a civil war in which we had no legitimate interest and therefore shouldn't have been helping anybody? This particular canard is laid to rest by Robert Turner, a much-traveled authority on Indochina, in *Vietnamese Communism: Its Origin and Development* (Hoover Institution, Stanford, Calif., $14.95). In what must be accounted the definitive work on this abysmal topic, Turner traces the Communist background of Ho Chi Minh (graduate of the Lenin School, founder of the Indochinese Communist Party), his slavish adherence to Stalinist doctrine (with major stress on treachery and terror), and his reliance at every point along the way on material aid from Peking and Moscow.

Of special note is Turner's dissection of Ho as "nationalist" leader, a pose adopted as a convenient cover for Communist designs. Turner describes in some detail the manner in which Ho betrayed competing leaders to the French for money, then used the proceeds to fuel his Communist drive to power. (Ho was also instrumental in bringing the French back into Indochina in '46, over the hot objections of other nationalist spokesmen.) Turner's documentation of Ho's career is so complete that his book should become a standard reference on the subject.

FURTHER INSIGHT into the nature of the Viet Communists is provided by John G. Hubbell's *POW* (Reader's Digest Press, $15), written in association with Andrew Jones and Kenneth Y. Tomlinson. As Turner has provided the definitive work on Ho and his creations, so Hubbell and his associates have given us the conclusive story on what occurred at the "Hanoi Hilton," where downed American fliers and others were held as captives by the Communist regime.

Hubbell's book is both terrifying and inspiring. He recounts the awful tortures inflicted on American POWs, so heavily witnessed by multiple victims that there can be no hint of doubt as to what happened. Helpless men were handcuffed, bound and gagged, hung upside down from hooks, and beaten senseless, then left untended with gaping wounds, broken arms and legs, pulverized teeth, and rotting infections. The object was to extort from them some programmed statement denouncing U.S. involvement in the war—of the kind served up on a daily basis by Fulbright, Ramsey Clark, Jane Fonda, and Co., free of charge.

The story is truly horrifying but leavened by the incredible courage of such men as Colonel Robinson Risner, Commander Jeremiah Denton, Lieutenant Rod Knutson, and others who resisted their tormentors with almost superhuman faith and stamina. If you want to know why there should be recriminations on Vietnam, this deeply moving book provides an answer. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

BOB SYDNEY:

My Favorite Jokes

I'll tell you what a loser is. A loser is a Cuban prisoner who spends two months digging his way out of prison, another month in hiding, another month building a raft, sails it over to Miami, boards a plane to New York, and gets hijacked to Cuba.

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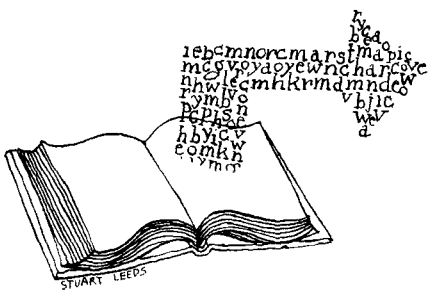
TUCCILLE

(Continued from page 489)

is a luxury made possible only by the existence of a powerful United States acting as a deterrent to an expansive totalitarian military presence in the world. It is another utopian position, one that overlooks the presence of Soviet weapons and Cuban troops in Africa and the Communist intrusion into the political affairs of Western democracies. The "giant Switzerland" mentality also fails to recognize the moral superiority of the American system, with all its shortcomings, to a totalitarian society—the Soviet Union—in which the concept of individual rights is not even considered.

Issue by issue, libertarians have offered slogans rather than realistic solutions for the problems of the day. Thus, all non-libertarians are branded "statists" or "collectivists"; all who do not believe in unadulterated laissez-faire capitalism are "socialists" or "welfare statists," including those whose basic orientation is toward a free market



economy. There are no shades of grey for most libertarians. There is no room for reality, only the extreme worlds of "us" and "them."

Until this condition is corrected, libertarianism is going to remain what it has always been: an intellectual exercise, not a serious political alternative. In its present form, it is a utopian strain of pre-World War II right-wing Republicanism dressed up with some contemporary issues and modernized jargon. It will continue to be a provocative fringe movement, taking its place way over there with the conspiracy theorists, the America Firsters, and other footnotes to recent U.S. history. (In the 1976 presidential election it got 183,000 votes.) And the loss will be society's, because libertarianism could have been (and could be) so much more. It does have something to offer.

Others who have grown disillusioned before me have dropped out altogether or joined other utopian fringe groups. For my part, I am too much of a political animal, hooked on conventions, campaigning, and all the foolishness that passes for reality to leave it all behind. I am also too much of an optimist: common sense tends to prevail just when things are looking bleakest, and I'm inclined to hope it will prevail with the libertarians. □

LETTERS

(Continued from page 474)

decided by general consensus: there is no longer a common, unwritten morality that binds us together.

Let us take that Welfare Person, Kelly. Mr. Rusthoven presents the case very simply. He tells us the man's name is Kelly. He gives us no other information. Is Kelly an able-bodied person who does not want to work? Why was he removed from the welfare rolls? Did he bother the bureaucratic social worker handling his case? These are crucial facts. Does Mr. Rusthoven now know or has he ever spoken to a welfare recipient? Can he say unequivocally where the morality lies? Then we must "let the court decide."

About schools I am on very familiar ground. Mr. Rusthoven says: "At present the due-process clause seems infinitely elastic. The most significant recent Supreme Court decision is *Goss* v. *Lopez*, which holds that public school students have a constitutional right to notice and a hearing before they may be suspended. There is no telling where, if anywhere, it will all end." Mr. Rusthoven forgets to mention that this ruling came about as the result of a ploy used by a Texas school district to evade desegregation. Whatever you think about desegregation, the use of suspension to keep students out of the public schools is not a moral use of punishment by authority. Also, maybe Mr. Rusthoven doesn't know that only suspensions over five days, or more than forty days (out of 180) in a school year, require a hearing. School officials used authority immorally and students and their parents had no other alternative but the court.

MRS. JOHN J. DONNELLY
Lafayette Hill, Pa.

Siberian Justice

Jeffrey Hart's review of Geoffrey Wagner's book *The End of Education* [April 1] is, like all his work, excellently done. For example, "the liberal elite, sensing the wolves near at hand, simply threw the middle class out of the sleigh, and then went on to assorted cultural delights." That is elegantly expressed, directly on target, nearly poetic in its flow and construction. Ditto for his closing lines, "Get out, Geoffrey Wagner! Your particular ship, betrayed by its commanders, has struck an iceberg. The waters are rising and they are ice-cold." Thanks.

Silver Spring, Md. JOHN H. FLOWER

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National Review's special Reading List of Important Books points the way to good reading for anyone interested in America, past and present (of course, it's a *must* for students).

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Reflections on the Presidential Style

On The Right

New York, April 6—Mr. Hugh Sidey, Time, Inc.'s eloquent President-watcher, remarks that in the recent poll registering 71 per cent satisfaction with President Carter, a substantial body of those interviewed gave as their reasons for approving of him Mr. Carter's energy policy, and his economic policy. Mr. Sidey points out that, of course, Mr. Carter has no energy policy (as yet), and no economic policy in any sense related to unemployment. Indeed, he has no economic policy other than a $50 tip for every American to celebrate Carter's victory in November. What he has is a highly successful presidential style, and on this, much has been written.

There are those who winced on reading that President Carter's hostess in Clinton, Massachusetts accosted him after he came in from the town meeting by saying, "Can we call you Jimmy?" Now the problem with people who say, "Can we call you Jimmy?" is that you have to be somebody like Charles de Gaulle or John L. Lewis or maybe Stalin to say, "No." It would have been a rather tense evening in Clinton if Mr. Carter had looked down at his hostess, with his steel blue eyes, and said no, then sat down to dinner and the evening chat. But was there any damage done?

It has not been widely remarked that those who are totally sure of themselves handle informality with assurance. I doubt there is a copyboy in Washington who referred to the Secretary of State as anything other than "Henry." But this did not result, as far as one could observe, in any abuse of Mr. Kissinger, let alone any diminution in his authority or prestige. Authority issues from a) power, and b) presence. If someone has the power of the Secretary of State, plus the presence of Henry Kissinger, there is no realistic way to diminish that power by addressing him by his Christian name.

It is not so much the principals who suffer embarrassment from overweening familiarity, but third parties. If President Carter's valet were to address him as "Jimmy," Mr. Carter would still be President of the United States, though it is not absolutely safe to say, even in this Jacksonian age, that the presidential valet would continue to be the presidential valet. But if such a liberty were taken in the presence of third parties, there would be endemic discomfort, because everybody would then start worrying about other people's feelings.

Propriety is a means of guarding against hurting someone's feelings. The codification of propriety is protocol, and the protocolization of the Presidency is what Jimmy Carter is waging a war against, beginning the moment when he said that he, "Jimmy Carter," swore to defend and uphold the Constitution.

By and large, Americans can handle informality with conviction. The 16-year-old in Clinton, Massachusetts, when his older brother asked whether they should rise when President Carter came into the room, replied, "No. We kneel." That is the wholesome iconoclastic spirit of the Midwestern male who, when Queen Wilhelmina remarked on her tour of the foreign country that this surely was the tallest corn in all the world, commented laconically, "You said a mouthful, Queen."

On the whole, the American people are healthy, even if they are given to awful bouts of lionization. What is unhealthy is the effort to create a natural relationship out of unnatural circumstances. I cannot believe that the conversation in Clinton that night was truly informative for President Carter. What does one learn, in those few hours, that one cannot learn more authentically by reading the unselfconscious expressions of the people in letters to the editor, in magazines, or for that matter in the novels of Saul Bellow and John Cheever?

Mr. Carter's effort should be applauded in general principle. But it should also be understood. It is, really, an effort to stage an unreal situation, to breed a synthetic equality. □

WHICH WAY THE ENERGY PLAN?

New York, April 11—We have not been vouchsafed any authoritative glimpses into the energy policy forthcoming from Mr. Carter and Mr. Schlesinger, but it sounds very much as if one of its features will be compulsory husbanding of energy by interdiction. One can still hope that such a policy could not be written by the hand of James Schlesinger, who is after all a professional economist. But telling people what to do has, as we saw from the conference of citizens brought together in Washington to consider energy policy, considerable demagogic appeal.

Consider, for instance, the question of the Wasted Light. Several citizens who participated in that seminar complained of this. You are driving down the street at midnight, and you see light after light on, performing no specific purpose. "Such lights should be forbidden. Unless you forbid them universally, there is no incentive for individuals to be prudent in their use of lights, when they know their neighbors are being profligate," one citizen observed.

The alternative to categorical prohibition is of course the economic incentive. It is always to be preferred except in those rare situations where the nature of the scarcity causes emergency conditions. If there is only a given amount of food or water, fuel or penicillin, it is right to ration it out on the basis of need. If there is merely a shortage of these commodities, then it is always sensible to distribute them via the price system.

The rule is that visible shortages

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have the effect of raising prices to the point of discouraging demand. Invisible shortages—in which category you can put our fuel shortage, which will not be manifest until most of the people who read these words are dead—can legitimately invoke government activity, by a special tax on use. There is already such a tax—about 15 cents per gallon—on gasoline. It could be raised, and if it were it would a) discourage unnecessary driving, and b) discourage powerful engines and big cars. But note, to discourage is different from to prohibit. To prohibit a big engine isn't really a venture in gas saving, it is a venture in ecological egalitarianism, and has no place in a free society even supposing it were efficient.

In 1965, New York City faced a severe drought. Researchers concluded that the water supply was in fact sufficient to maintain the city's needs, but insufficient to maintain the city's habits. Mr. John Lindsay, running for mayor, proposed the construction of vast new reservoirs. This he did because it is impossible to order a tap closed, since there is no way of knowing when a tap is open.

ANOTHER CANDIDATE (myself) came out for metering the water, and imposing a charge after fifty gallons per person per day. Water metering would have put an end to the water scarcity. The controversy became moot when the God of Rain, whoever he is, began drenching the city relentlessly, weeping, perhaps, over the election of John Lindsay.

The same principle extends to the matter of fuel. We can, within limits, regulate the amount of fuel used in the United States—by taxation. But taxation is unpleasant, and people governed by democratic policies tend to insist on solutions to problems that are not unpleasant, which usually means they are not solutions. These usually take the form of hidden as distinguished from direct taxes. Every penny increase in the price of a gallon of gasoline takes $1 billion from the public per year. But as the tax increases, driving decreases, and the expenditure of fuel is diminished.

The interdictionists are motivated by various combinations of envy and resentment. If Neighbor Jones, who is affluent, does not diminish the distance he drives his big car irrespective of the new tax, Smith is irked. Accordingly, he takes satisfaction from requiring Neighbor Jones either to drive less (through rationing), or to give up his big car (through the proscription of big cars).

Rationing, and indeed unnecessary proscriptions, give rise to the substitution of a central authority for the authority of the individual in weighing his own needs and his own preferences. They give rise also to a monstrous bureaucracy to adjudicate claims for exemption (presumably the funeral parlor would be permitted its large mourning cars). The substitution of the will of the board for the will of the individual willing to pay the necessary extra costs of exercising that will, is really the socialist alternative. We shall soon see if it is also President Carter's alternative. □

NIGHT OF THE CUCKOO

New York, March 31—It occurs to one, sadly, that if there is a horse's ass unemployed in late March, he (or as they say nowadays, he or she) will get part-time work at the Oscar Awards ceremony. A couple of years ago it was Marlon Brando, who will never forgive the United States for interrupting Indian savagery. A year later it was someone who proclaimed the divine right of North Vietnamese to torture South Vietnamese. Now that this has happened, there is no useful role for him left to play, so he was not featured at this year's Oscar Awards ceremony. Instead, we got Jane Fonda and Lillian Hellman.

One must suppose that there is, somewhere, a sillier political animal loose in America than Jane Fonda, even if one has to struggle to come up with his/her name. But meanwhile, if there is an Oscar for the dumbest woman in conspicuous public life, it can safely be awarded to Miss Fonda, who, having spent most of her energies during the past years committing the South Vietnamese to the tyranny of the North, returns to lecture us on the subject of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, which she described as "a travesty of human rights." Miss Fonda's denunciation of the committee was done en route to introducing Miss Lillian Hellman, who received a standing ovation.

It happened that on the occasion in question I was seated near my dear friend Miss Lauren Bacall, who also rose to applaud Miss Hellman when her face came on the screen. I leaned over and asked her, after she sat down, whether she would have applauded twice as long if Miss Hellman had over the years not only defended Stalin, but attacked Khrushchev for attacking Stalin. But such questions overtax the people who automatically rise to their feet to applaud Lillian Hellman.

THEY ARE going to do a movie on Miss Hellman, or so we are told. No doubt they will use the same screenwriter who wrote *Tail Gunner Joe*. They have, in Miss Hellman, wonderful raw material to work with. In her book *Scoundrel Time* (the scoundrels are the anti-Communists in America, including Diana and Lionel Trilling, and Elia Kazan), Miss Hellman writes, "There is nothing in my life of which I am ashamed." That means she is not ashamed of having attacked John Dewey for denouncing Stalin's purge trials. Not ashamed of joining all those Communist fronts that defended Stalin and his crimes. Not ashamed of being a party to denouncing Mary McCarthy, Dwight Macdonald, and the officials of Americans for Democratic Action for protesting the pro-Communist spectacular at the Waldorf-Astoria in March of 1949. The difference between Lillian Hellman and Albert Speer is that Albert Speer repented his professional service in behalf of totalitarianism in two considerable books, while Lillian Hellman's apology for her generation-long unpaid defense of Stalinism is discharged in a formalistic sentence in her book, otherwise devoted to vilifying every American, liberal or conservative, who attempted to tell the truth about the hideousness of the Soviet regime. Would Albert Speer have got a standing ovation in Hollywood?

Professor Sidney Hook, a liberal and a socialist, in a devastating essay on Miss Hellman published in *Encounter* magazine, reminds us that the proper distinction has been between heretics and conspirators, the Communists being conspirators. "Those who wittingly helped them, even if they paid no party dues, were morally as guilty in the deceptions they practiced. They were engaged in helping to destroy the open society whose benefits and freedoms they enjoyed." □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Pitcher and club owner in Baseball Hall of Fame — 8 189 59 109 128 86 162 140

B. Where a National League team played before it moved (fol. by *Field*) — 26 30 110 89 129 60

C. Nickname of an American League team — 55 41 16 104 32 177 173

D. City in the National League — 68 164 20 42 159 166 87

E. City in the National League — 102 165 185 111 44 183 161

F. Where a National League team plays (fol. by Stadium) — 143 10 36 40 206 74 79 92 167 172

G. His hit was homeric in 1951 — 149 49 195 77 112 205 90

H. This Kid, a pitcher, made the Baseball Hall of Fame — 163 62 21 118 80 168 180

I. This river in Asia can help manufacturing (let's give it a trial) — 4 9 47 65 18

J. Brooklyn catcher, 1947 World Series — 188 6 142 184 202 120 194

K. City in the National League — 1 144 63 91 190 50 121 198

L. A Duke of the Franks and brother of Conrad I, King of Germany — 31 181 98 192 130 2 69 209

M. *What Brigham's last* child was — 169 52 182 179 64 113 122 145

N. THEE, POOR HEN — 201 61 25 85 93 57 51 72 76 136 141

O. A vegetable — 39 45 58 70 24 84

P. A building for certain single purpose farm animals — 27 94 34 22 191 197 186 123

Q. What the national government's budget is — 155 3 200 17 116 119 175 204 13 133

R. An American League club — 19 7 46 33 37 5 43 48 23 56 78 134 148 158

S. A man started and a woman finished this gum resin formerly used in medicine — 105 125 174 11 153 73 147 199 28

T. This man once owned a vineyard — 124 131 114 150 83 160

U. Discharged violently — 176 66 29 82 187 154 99 126 207

V. Isaac's half brother — 35 67 195 106 115 208 156

W. He played in 2,130 consecutive games in the American League — 71 107 152 100 12 135

X. Another place to eat in India? — 81 101 53 14 157 117 170 137

Y. Troublesome — 171 38 95 54 193 103 15 88 203

Z. An unsteady gait — 96 108 132 138 146 75

a. A type of movement — 139 127 178 151 97

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 510 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 K	2 L	3 Q		4 I	5 R		6 J	7 R	8 A	9 I	10 F	11 S	12 W	13 Q	14 X		15 Y	16 C
17 Q	18 I	19 R	20 D	21 H	22 P		23 R	24 O		25 N	26 B		27 P	28 S	29 U		30 B	31 L	32 C
33 R		34 P	35 V	36 F	37 R	38 Y		39 O	40 F	41 C	42 D	43 R	44 E		45 O	46 R	47 I		48 R
49 G	50 K		51 N	52 M	53 X	54 Y	55 C		56 R	57 N		58 O	59 A	60 B	61 N	62 H	63 K	64 M	65 I
66 U	67 V	68 D		69 L	70 O	71 W	72 N	73 S		74 F	75 Z	76 N	77 G		78 R	79 F	80 H	81 X	82 U
	83 T	84 O	85 N		86 A	87 D	88 Y	89 B	90 G	91 K	92 F	93 N		94 P	95 Y		96 Z	97 a	98 L
	99 U	100W	101X	102E	103Y		104C	105S	106V	107W		108Z	109A		110B	111E	112G	113M	114T
115V	116Q	117X		118H	119Q	120J		121K		122M	123P	124T	125S	126U		127a	128A		129B
130L	131T	132Z		133Q	134R	135W	136N	137X	138Z	139a		140A	141N		142J	143F	144K	145M	146Z
	147S	148R	149G	150T		151a	152W	153S		154U	155Q	156V	157X	158R		159D	160T	161E	162A
	163H	164D	165E		166D	167F	168H	169M		170X	171Y	172F	173C		174S	175Q	176U		177C
178a	179M	180H		181L	182M	183E		184J	185D	186P	187U		188J	189A	190K	191P	192L	193Y	
194J	195V	196G	197P	198K	199S		200Q	201N		202J	203Y	204Q	205G	206F	207U	208V	209L		

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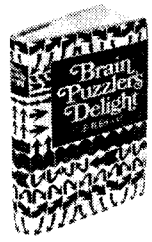

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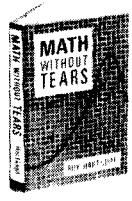

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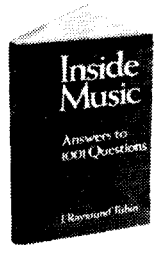

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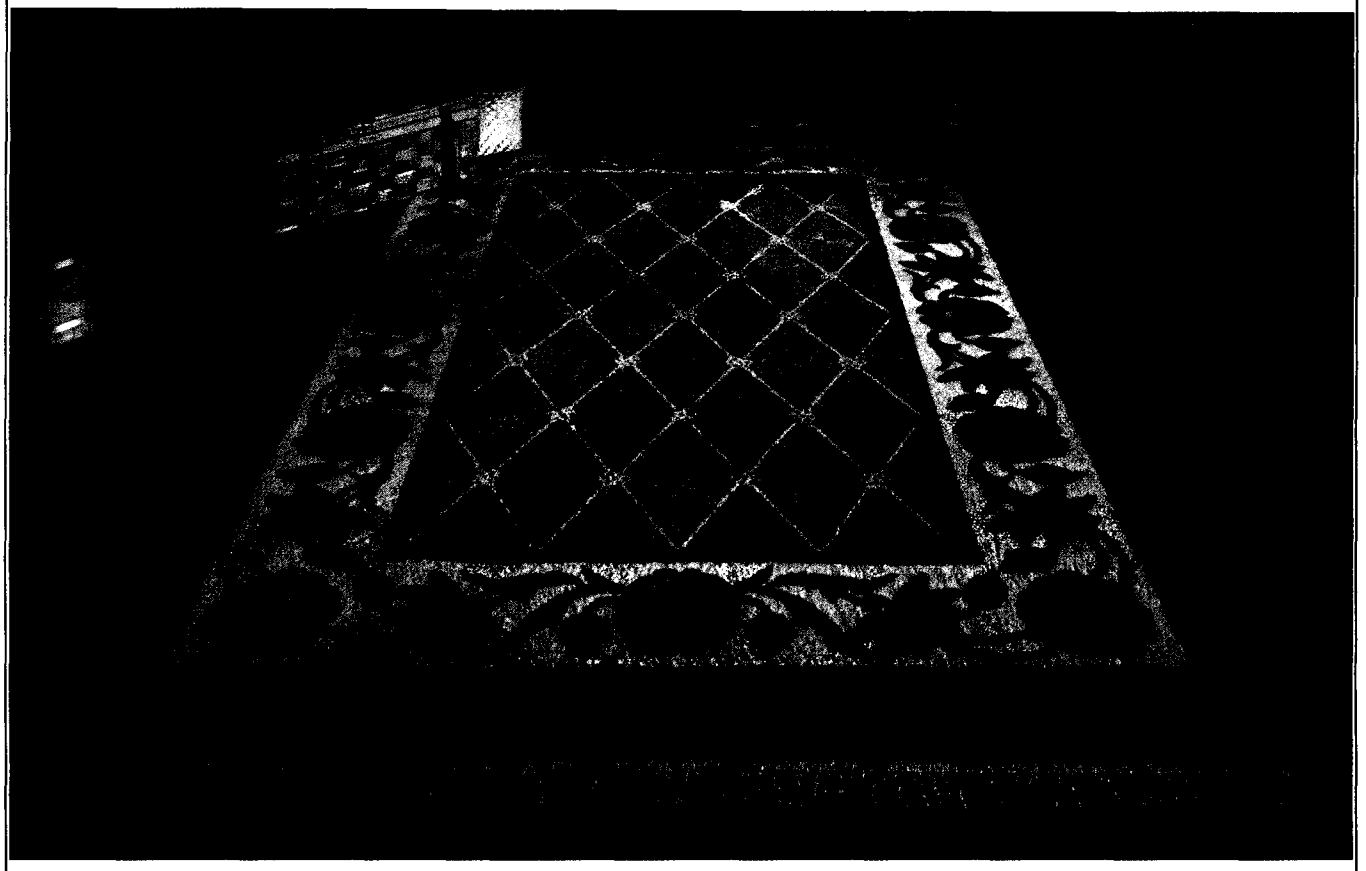

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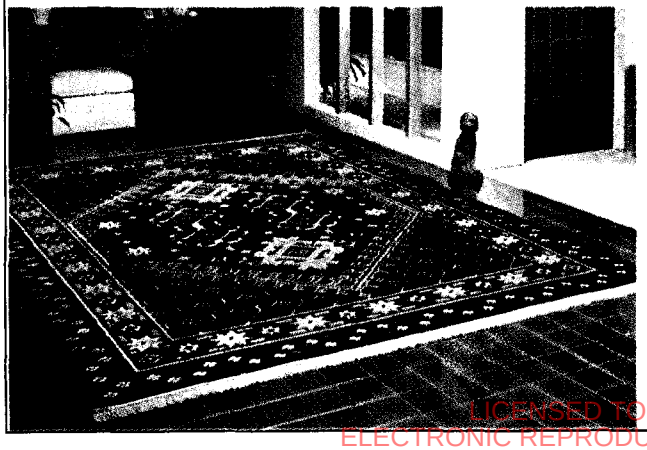

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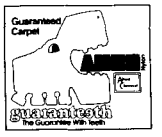

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